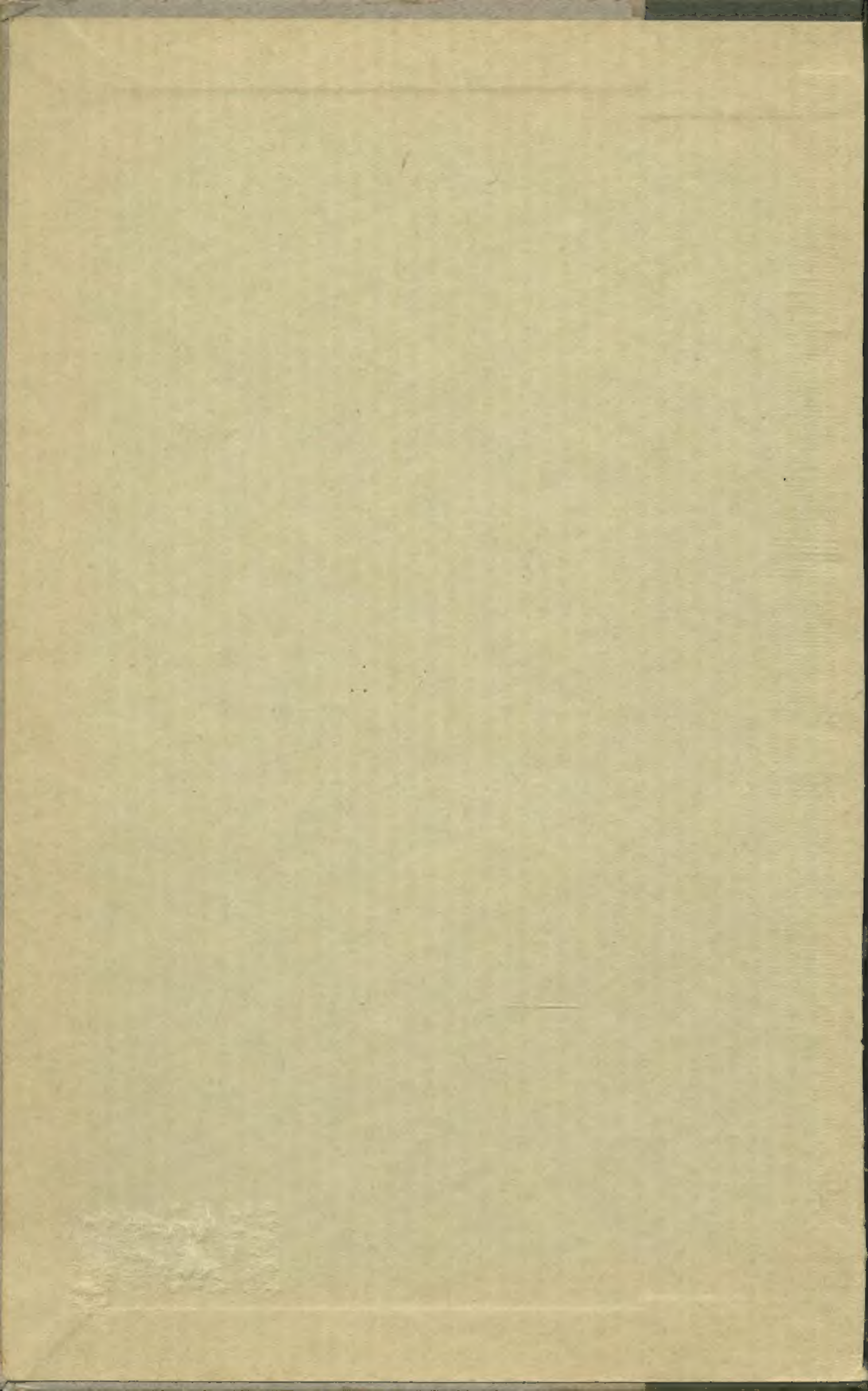


The
GIRTONIAN



THE GIRTONIAN

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TWELVE

Winnetka, Illinois

Dedicated by
The Class *of* Nineteen Hundred and Twelve
to
Mary Meylert Richardson
Associate Principal *of*
Girton School





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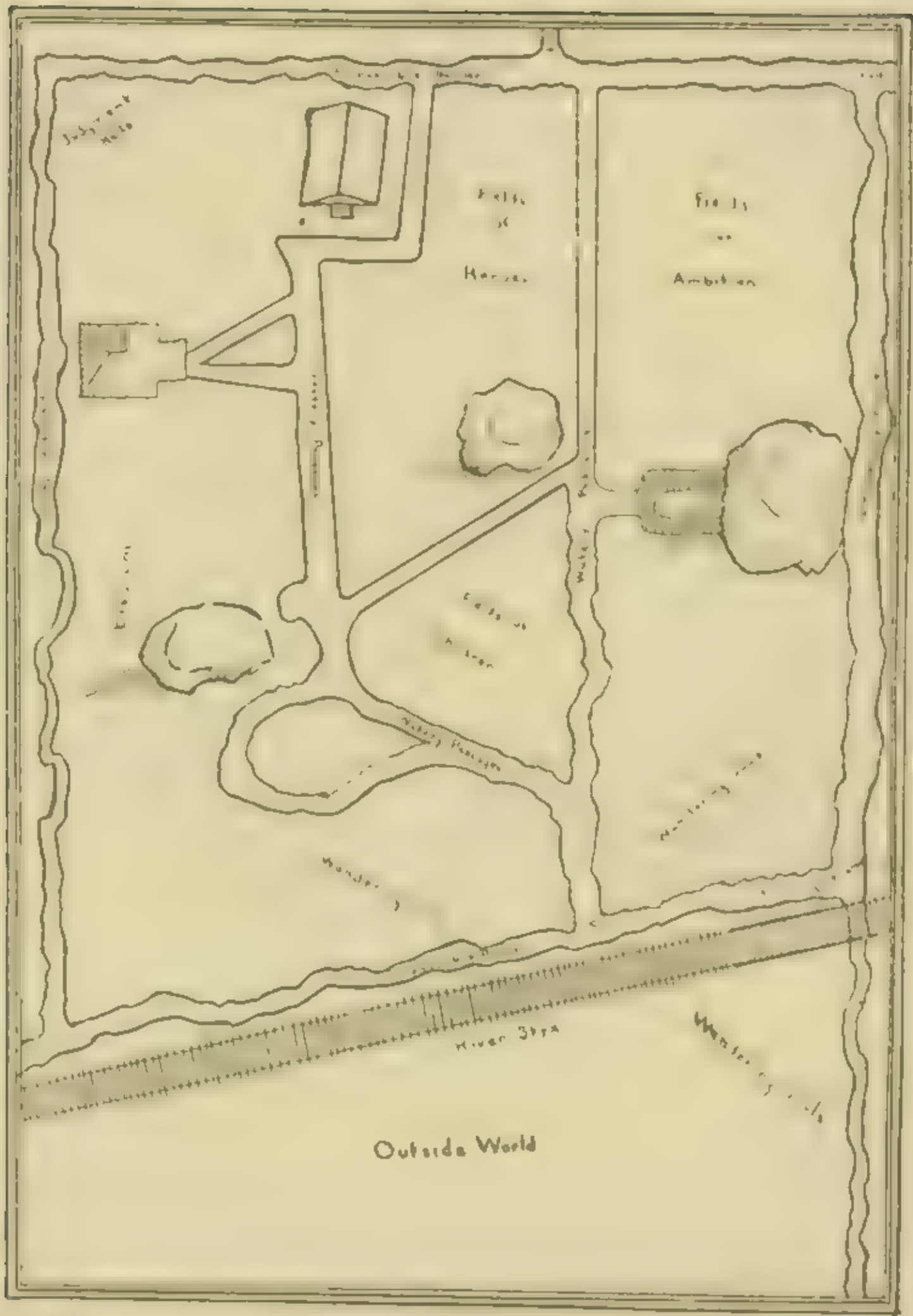
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Foreword

Of Girton life as seen by mindful eyes
Of Faculty and students, gay alumni,
Winnetka women, and o'er-fond mamas,
I sing: this verse to Ignorance is due.
But first thy aid, oh Friend, who long hast loved
Before all subjects else the Latin tongue,
I pray: instruct me (for thou know'st it all)
That I may paint the eternal Girton Girl,
And justify the ways of her to man.
Say now how I, GIRTONIAN Board, asleep,
Did dream a dream, and in that dream beheld
The life of Girton spread out as a map,
Most like indeed unto the underworld
Of Hades: this way then I saw my dream.



The Other World

Oh Traveller, in whose breast stirs deep desire
To gaze upon these regions of the School,
To share their joy or hear their sad laments,
A scene of woe at first before thee lies.
The path to Girton is a Stream of Tears;
A wail of: "Styx, O, mournful, tearful Styx."
Comes shuddering o'er its waters from the boat
Whereon grim Charon, sometimes miscalled "Brand,"
To Girton's portal bears the student on,
And claims his fee. And yet from o'er the rush
Of tears down-splashing, sounds the loud lament
Of souls that wander on the *farther* bank,
And wail and gnash their teeth, and cry aloud:
"Our names are on your lists—the Applicants
Are we that wander ever on these banks,
And plead to cross to fair Elysium."
And still as to the portals wide we pass
We hear afar their cries and tale of woe.
But stop—by Pluto's dreaded power,
What awful thing is this, that would fright hence
The entering girl? A god he seems, in form,
But that three heads he has of wondrous kind.
The one hangs forth its tongue and for home-cooking
Forever cries; another muttering growls:
"Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not," but mostly "not."
While yet the third sheds bitter, silent tears
And sometimes moans of friends and home and light.
'Tis Cerberus—he who guards the iron gates
The faithful slave of Pluto and his power.
But let not his three heads affright you hence
From Girton's gate; far fiercer is his bark
Than is his bite; press onward, brave of heart,
A way there is; but cast this sugared cake
To slake his hunger; this the boon they call
Their Senior Privileges that they give
To those who Elysium's joys and glories know.
But now the spacious portal open lies
And look:

Freshmen

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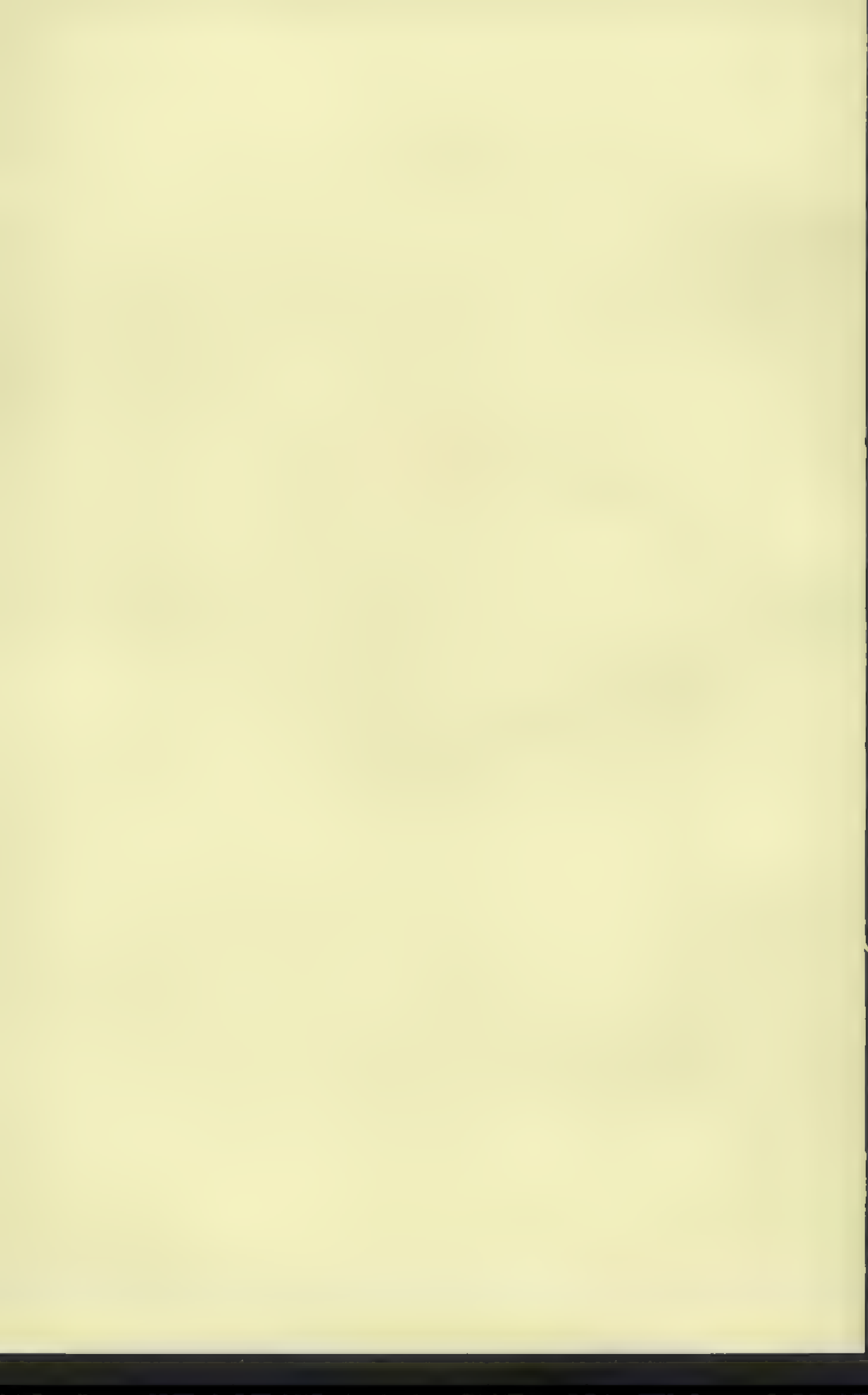
DOROTHY STANHOPE

KATHERINE SPIEGEL

STELLA TAYLOR

CATHERINE WIGHTMAN





The Children's land before me lies,
Pale wasted shades flit past my eyes
And flee away;
Their backs they turn me as they go—
Sad Children full of grief and woe—
Yet once so gay!

They tremble if a voice is heard,
They shrink and shiver at a word
With dropping tear;
They try to tell me, whispering soft,
How rough the path, and fearful oft—
Their words I scarce can hear.

"O turn, turn back to light of day!
O turn you back while yet you may
From bitter toil.
For Furies in this desert dwell,
Who spur us on with purpose fell
With work our hands to soil!"

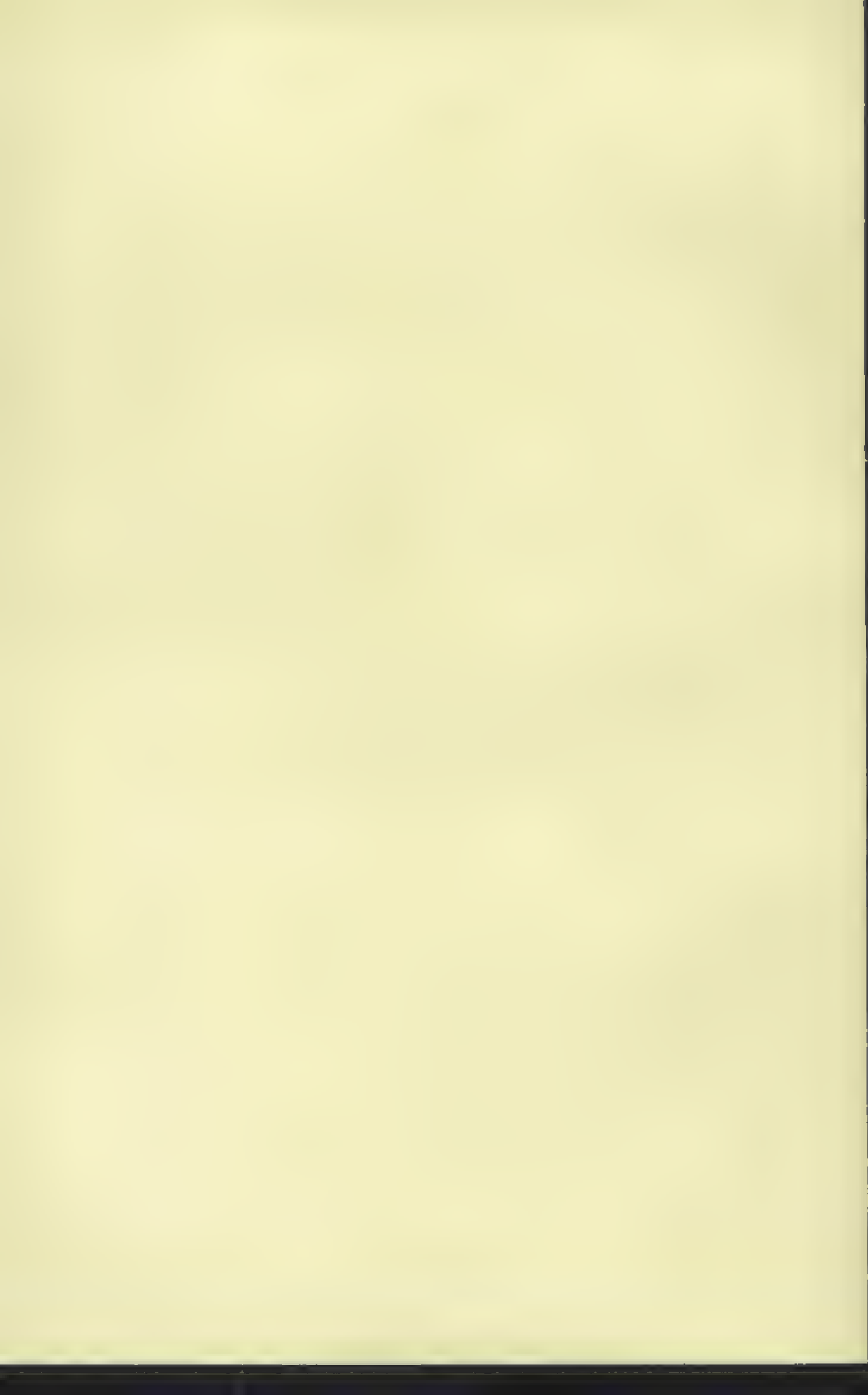
Lo! as I gaze an awful form
Swift drives them on like leaves in storm
From out my view;
They stretch their hands in supppliance wild,
But onward, weeping, goes each child;
I turn to meadows new.

Sophomores

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Next there come Fields of Ambition,
Fields wherein are toiling Sophomores,
Striving always upward, upward,
Up the steep heights of Ambition;
But as often as they near them
Down they fall into that black gorge,
The abyss of dismal failure.

In this world of gloom and darkness
All are struggling with some terror;
Some are fighting hard with Caesar,
In his Gallic wars with Caesar,
Others struggling o'er quadratics,
Surds, binomials, and equations,
Dues, more dues, are all about them,—
With perspiring brow their treasurer
Pleads, exhorts them on to payment.
Midst these horrors that surround them
On they go toward bright Elysium,
E'er cheered by their gallant leader.

Juniors

KATHRINE BROWN	- - - - -	President
MARGARET BURKETT	- - - - -	Vice President
MILDRED GOOD	- - -	Treasurer and Secretary

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PAULINE LOUDERBACH
FRANCES MUELLER
ADELAIDE SEEBERGER
ESTHER STEVENS
HELEN WALKER
EDITH WEIL





Come! let us go to the Land of the Heroes
Where wander the shades of the happier Juniors!
See how they struggle and strive, overcoming
Latin and French, Ancient History and English.
Doomed thus to labor through numberless ages
Much must they learn, for great things are expected;
And so they toil on, ever firm in their purpose.
Foes have they conquered, more foes must they conquer;
Tired are their faces, and weary their manner,
And ever with wailing and loud lamentations
Turn they to Elysium, that Land of the Blessed.

Seminar Students

HORTENSE KITTLEMAN

DOROTHY LENHAM

Specials

CHARLOTTE CRISMOND

ADELINE GALLASCH

MARGARET JENKINES

VIRGINIA MILNER

RUTH KIMBALL

More wandering souls within the magic gates?
Yea, these are those--the Specials -roaming here,
Who know not where to go nor whom to seek.
Alas, existence cold, forlorn, and drear!





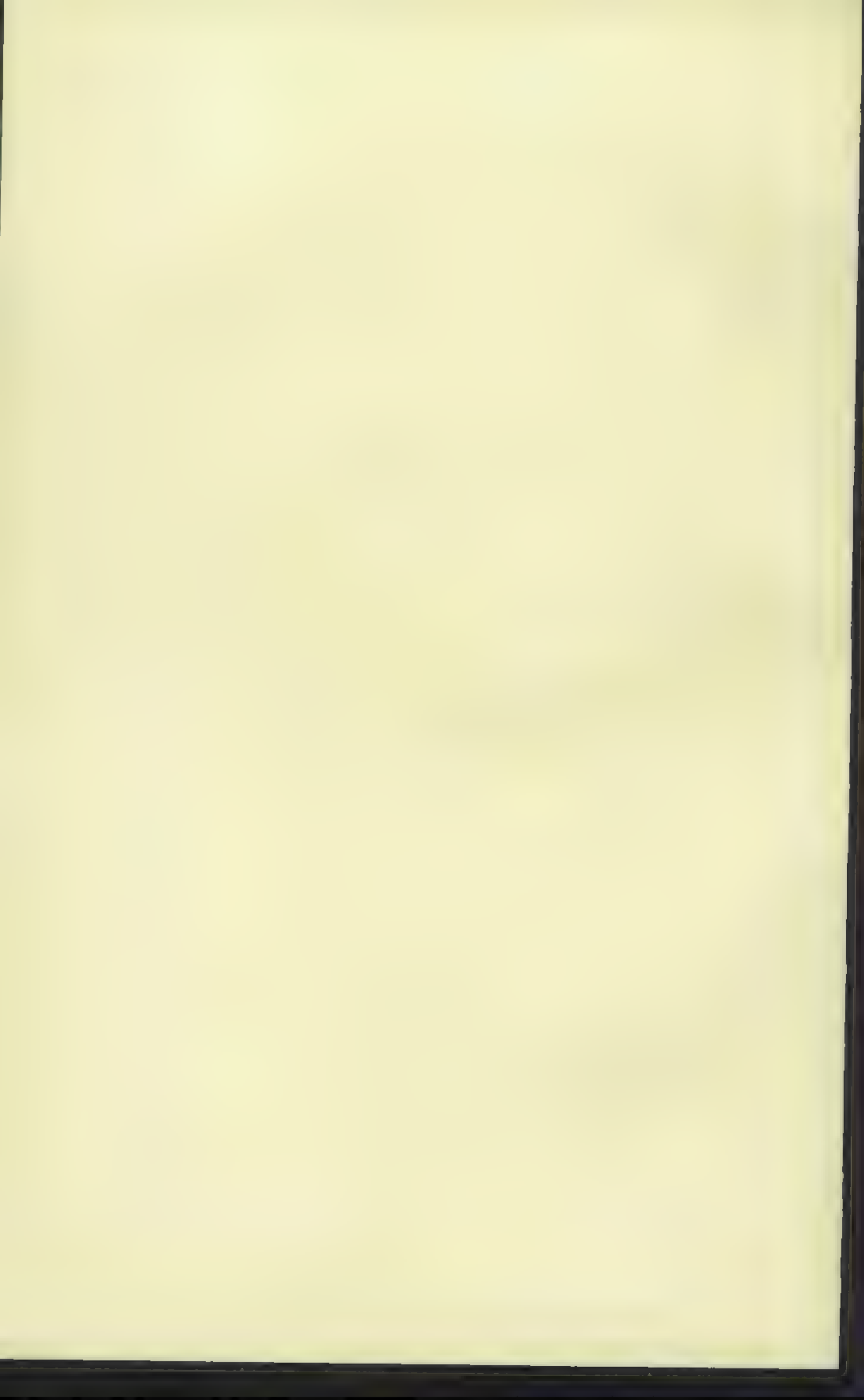
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Elsie Blatchford
Alice Roselia Boak
Marjorie Bartholomew
Virginia Buck
Judith Boddie
Margaret Boyden
Carolyn Case
Emily Case
Cordelia Carpenter
Elizabeth Carpenter
Fairbank Carpenter
Elizabeth Copeland
Francis King Cooke, Jr.
Janet Davis
Caryl Dunham
Josephine Dunham
Robert Dunham
Carl Dautell
Ruth Dillon
Edith Dillon
Leslie Dickinson
Dorothy Day
Victor Elting, Jr.
Olivia Primrose Fentress
Mary Fentress
Tom Fentress
Marion Fulton
Gertrude Fearing

Lemar Fearing
Marion Farnsworth
Edith Farnsworth
Maryanna Foster
Elizabeth Foster
Roberts Foster
Eleanor Holden
Frances von Hofsten
Mary von Hofsten
Sarah Louise Hopkins
Virginia Hooper
Elizabeth Jackson
Katharine Jacobs
Elizabeth Kales
Anne Kales
Dorothy Klotz
Elizabeth Klotz
Sybil Kozminski
Harriet Lyon
Mary Elizabeth Leonard
Harriet Leonard
Ethel-John Lindgren
Charlotte Melcher
Julie Melcher
Grace Merrill
Charles Merrill
Henrietta Magie
Dorothy Magie
Marcella Mettler
Katharine McKinnon

Lois Nelson	Joan Stuart
Barbara Nicholls	Eleanor Tandy
Margaret Pirie	Louise Thorne
Mary Buford Peirce	Beatrix Thorne
Mabelle Rogers	Elizabeth Thorne
Kathryn Stevens	Frances Thorne
Eleanor Stevens	Frances Wood
Kathryn Strotz	Marion Walker
Mervyn Shenton	Alice deWindt
Elizabeth Scott	Caroline de Winde
Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Jr.	Martha White
	Robert Williams





The Trial in Elysium

The Tract of Darkness spreads before my eyes,
A weary waste, symbolic of the bleak
And lonely road that all must traverse e'er
They reach the land of Seniors, blissful goal,
Elysium, with its fields of Asphodel.
But now 'tis past; I reach again the light.
Across the gleaming plain there stands a Hall
Most wondrous fair; I pass within its doors
And find a countless host of well-known Shades
Who ever press about the central place.
Lo! on the dais high three Judges grave
Justice dispense; the Principals are they,
Who hear and give their verdict past appeal.
To right there stands the Prosecutor stern
And grim; his name is Faculty; his face
No sign of pity or relenting shows.
To left, the Genius of the Senior Class
With indignation and hot eloquence
Defends each prisoner brought before the court.
A stirring trial this—I join the crowd,
When lo! a clarion call cleaves thro the air:
“Amy Larrowe, stand forth and hear the charge
The Prosecutor makes.”
(Amy comes up).

Amy Bell Larrowe

PROSECUTOR—Whereas, firstly, Amy Larrowe has thought fit to place her interest in fiddling rather than in serious application to academic responsibilities, and whereas, secondly, she has absented herself for a long period of time in the third year of the reign of the Principals during the academic session in a manner prejudicial to the best welfare of the aforesaid institution—be it hereby declared, stated and made known that the aforesaid prisoner is unworthy of being the shepherd of the Senior Class.

A sudden clamor bursts from out the hall;
The surging throng press forward; swift a Shade,
The Marshall, with a bell, order restores.
Then speaks th' combative Genius, filled with ire:
"Oh, Prosecutor, cease your lengthy words;
'Tis worth, not adjectives, that wins this case.
For look you, how with skilfulness and care
This president has ever led her class;
Behold the pitfalls ever near their feet—
The by-path's easy, but the straight road's rough.
Your Honors, all I crave is justice now."
The Judges round them draw their regal robes,
And frown in majesty their august brows;
At length they speak, and on their words of doom
The eager throng hang breathless; these the words:
"Defendant speaks the truth, and who shall cry
For Justice in this court and be denied?
Because of duties faithfully performed,
Because of friendship's ties and wide demands,
We here decree that you shall pass your days
In leading onward in yet higher paths—
Of Federated Women's Clubs the Queen."
(Exit Amy)





Helen Louise Ball

PROSECUTOR—Next we shall have news of our friend, Helen Ball.

It they can spare her a while from the second floor hall.

(Much giggling and laughter from without. Enter Helen Ball. At once the Judges are inspired by her happy-go-lucky way and her smiling countenance, as well as by many books under her arm.)

JUDGES Of you we have heard many things every day,
As o'er school books and good times you hold a
free sway,

Your fate, we foresee, must lie in your Math.,
And ne'er will you leave the educational path.

Louise Otis

Now as I gaze, a maiden small
Comes running thro the crowded hall,
A platter held on high—
"We've made some creams;
They're perfect dreams,
Oh, Judges, please to try."

The Judges haste
Her sweets to taste,
And as those creams they eat,
Their tempers wild
Grow very mild
For, um! those creams are sweet.

And e'en the Prosecutor stern
Perforce his frown to smiles must turn
And give of praise his meed;
"Oh, fair Louise, be thine to cook
Forever creams from candy book,
And Anti-Suffrage lead!"

Laura Nichols

Scarce have the words of doom forsook his lips
 To hang portentous on the expectant air,
 Than forth there strides in dignity profound
 The Crier, and proclaims to all who list
 The name of Nichols; thrice he trumpets fourth
 When timidly a voice breathes from the floor—
 So hesitant and feeble more a sigh
 Than speech: "Is't time? Her clock, or e'en forsooth
 Her car" "Yea, more than time," the stern reply.
 "She is not here, but later,"—"Late again?"
 As thunders deep a waterfall at dawn,
 Or banging doors reverberate thro halls
 Before a midnight feast, so swell the words
 Of Justice o'er the heavy-breathing throng.
 "Go, Sheriff, with search warrant, and arrest
 The tardy culprit." Brief is he, as e'er
 A current topic on a Tuesday morn.

Dorothy Lee Bell

Bell is the next of names called from without,
 And with much calmness, dignity and pride
 Strides forth the lady, head high in the air,
 And speaks in clear-cut, well-pronounced words:
 "Your Honor, here!" The Judges quite inspired,
 Know 'tis this lady, dignity and all,
 Who for her name has many honors won
 In "Twelfth Night" and in several other plays—
 But yea, more oft at musicales has shone.
 And then 'tis that they all speak forth at once
 And chant: "You are doomed to play and act
 Upon the stage—and even more we'd say:
 Society would be most incomplete
 Without your grace, your dignity and charm."





Jeanette Osborne Clark

Jeanette hath paced into the hall
And stoppeth hurriedly—
“My time is short, my tasks undone,
Now wherefore callst thou me?”
They hold her with their eagle glance—
Jeanette—she standeth still,
And listens (though with vacant eyes,—)
The judges have their will.
“In German, French, and Latin, too,
You’ve passed the single year
Which you to Girton have vouchsafed—
Your doom you now shall hear.
As language tutor you shall dwell
In University,
And German, French—and Latin too,
You’ll offer students—free.”

Emily Crane Russell

Now slowly moving thro the gathering Shades
Stately there steps with palette in right hand
And pictured canvas in the other clasped,
Fair Emily Russell with disdainful eyes.
In awe the crowd shrinks back and leaves a path
Unto the dais; calm, serene, and fair,
She holds her way, till to the Judges’ eyes
She lifts her canvas—swiftly, while they gaze
With spell-bound eyes and hearts in great amaze,
E’er they can speak a word to hold her back,
Or accusation make, or judgment give,
She passes by and slips into the gloom.

Florence Katherine Rehtmeyer

Next: "Florence Rehtmeyer, stand you forth,"
(The busy Crier spake.)
And as she comes applauding shouts
From out the concourse break.

With lordly stride and clanking sword
In gallant court array,
The mighty Duke Orsino comes
Adown the narrow way.

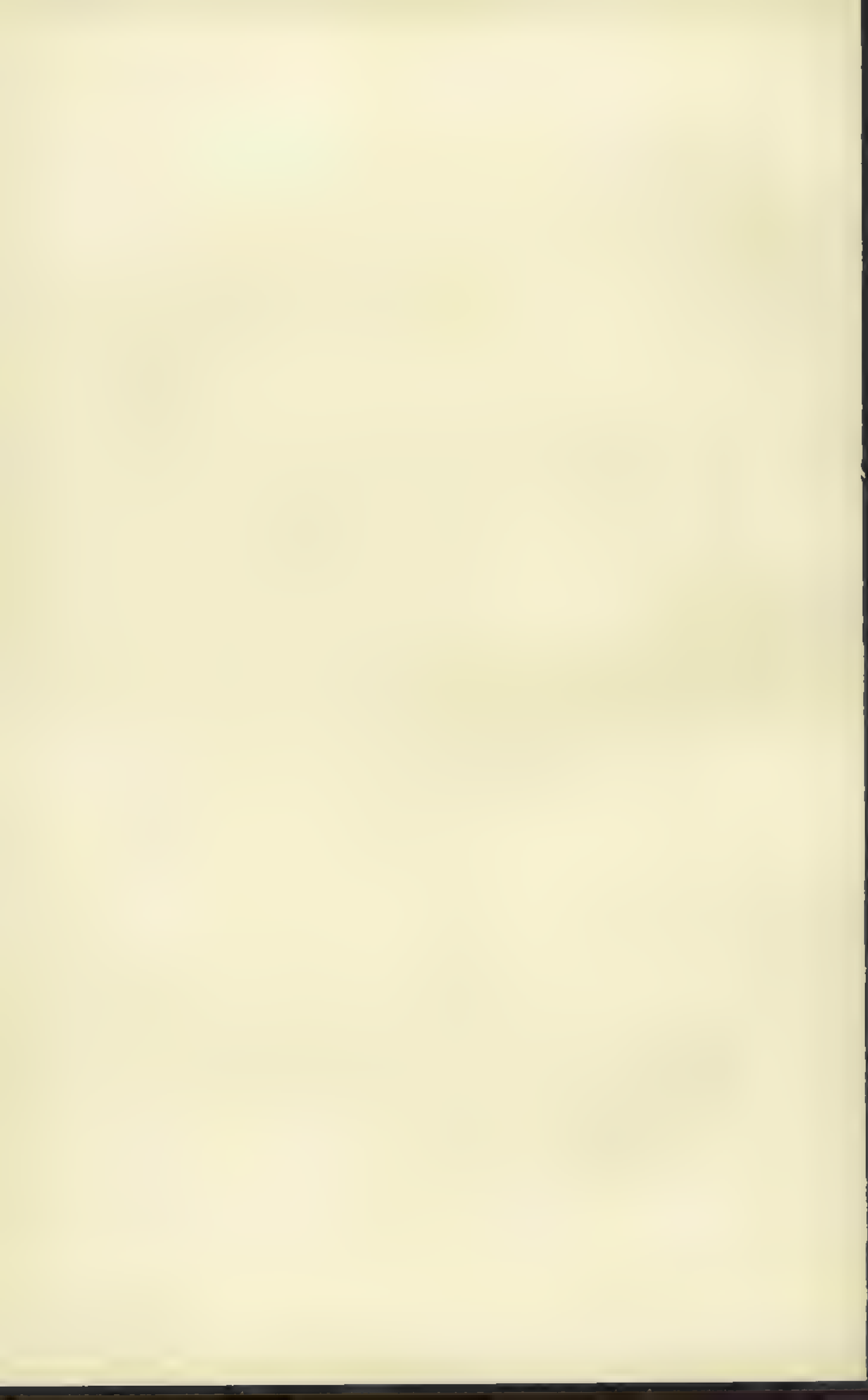
Then swift uprise the Judges three,
With eager hands to greet
The mighty actress as she comes
Unto the Judgment seat.

Then, "Welcome, welcome, Florence famed,
Unto the trial here,
Now stand you there, the while the charge
Against you shall appear."

And up then speaks the Accuser
"The charge I here withdraw;
But let your Honors judge her case
With justice by the law."

Then hesitation is there none;
"Oh, Florence, go you forth—
A brilliant actress shall you sway
The world from South to North."





Ruth Marie Johanson

With her head in a whirl, for she's much in demand,
In comes busy Ruth, before Judges to stand.

Prosecutor: "What are you, who are you, and
what are your ways,

And, pray, may we ask, have you any free days?"

Ruth: "Why, really, you know, I am Ruth, yes, just
Ruth,

And now that you ask, I must tell you the truth.

As for school, why really that's out of my line,

But they say that in breaking the rules here I shine."

Judges: "You're doomed for your deeds for society
grand;

At cotillons and teas you'll be much in demand."

Virginia Hopkins Sullivan

(There are heard exclamations of greeting at the door,
and a girl enters attired in a new gown. The Judges
look her over, especially the gown, and one murmurs,
"Cunning Bunny;" then protests sternly—)

3rd Judge— I do not recognize this girl; her face is
strangely familiar, yet I cannot place it. Now what
do you think?"

2nd Judge— My dear fellow— four years of inter-
mittent acquaintance have so familiarized me with this
countenance that I can now recognize it at a glance.
Forsooth, it is Virginia Sullivan.

(The 3rd Judge examines her registration books and
table lists and seems satisfied.)

1st Judge— with an introductory cough and a con-
ciliatory manner— I should think that, as it is under-
stood Miss Sullivan is an exception in her position as
social representative in the outside world, that she
might be made an ambassador's wife to represent
our country in foreign lands.

(The Judges nod solemnly and Virginia retires.)

Grace Agnes Martin

JUDGES:

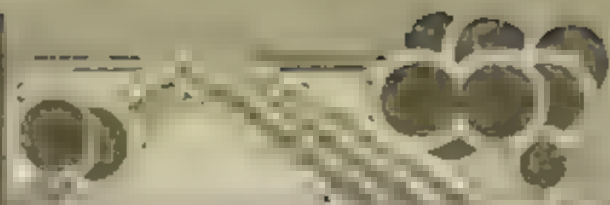
Away from your happy school days
 Where you always were merry and glad,
 Where your friendship, love and kindness
 Made us happy and never sad,
 Go, Grace, and as at Girton,
 Give your friendship so close and so dear
 To all that you meet in future times,
 And share it as you did here.

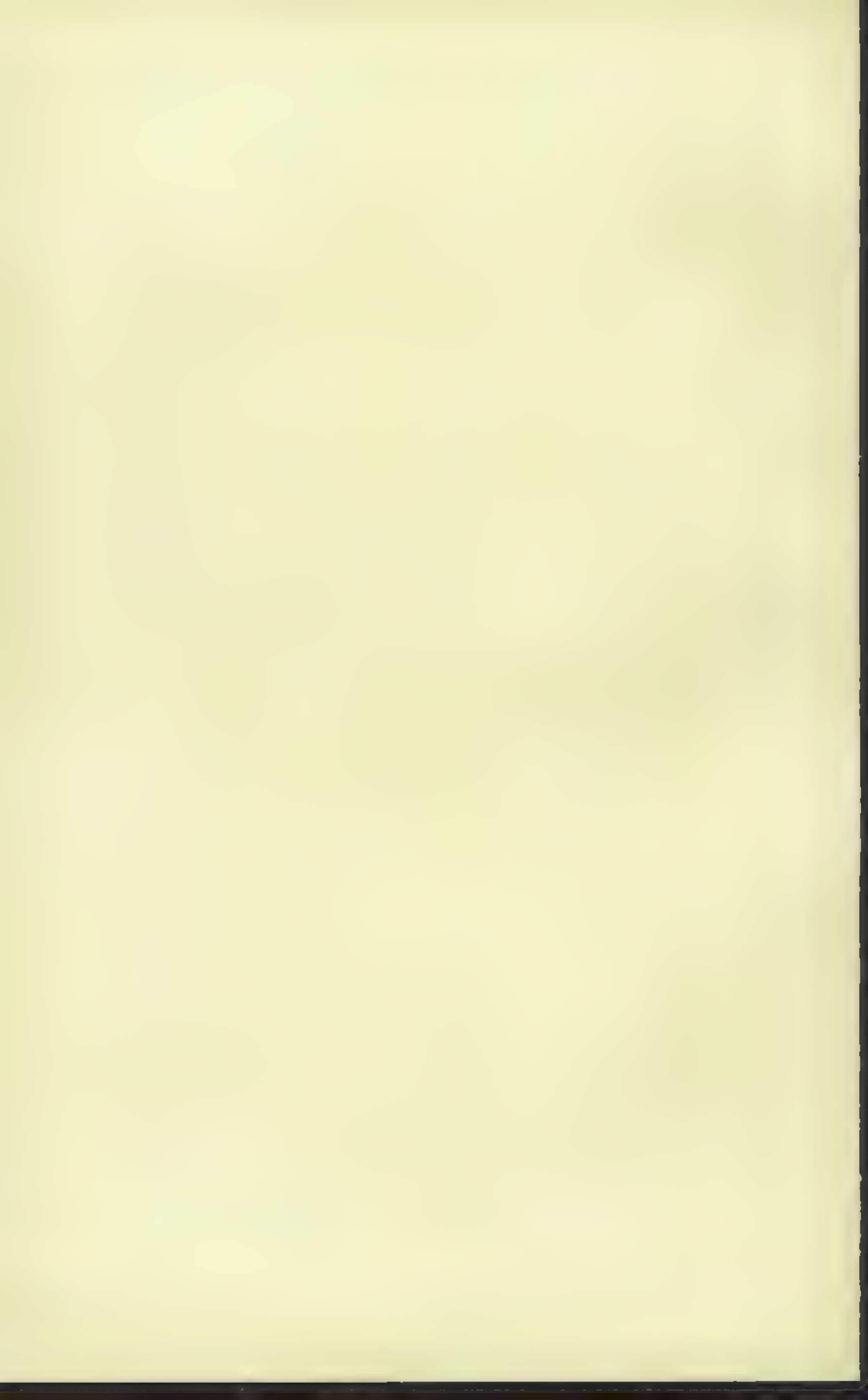
Wilna Soverhill

Then speaks a still small voice from out the hall
 And answers to the name of Soverhill,
 And Wilna, whom we all do love, comes forth;
 A wee brown maiden, with a friendly smile,
 She softly greets her Judges and Accuser.
 "The fatal charge of which you stand accused,
 Unhappy Wilna, is dislike for rules—
 For *Rules*—the guiding star of Girton School."
 Thus speaks the stern accusing Faculty.
 But swiftly, fired with burning eloquence
 The Genius speaks: "Oh, Judges, have you heard
 The prisoner touch her charmed violin
 With magic fingers, drawing from its soul
 Such strains as bear aloft our burdened hearts
 To lap them in the wondrous air of heaven?"
 He ceases; Wilna draws her magic bow
 Across the strings; such rapture fills the air
 As when afar one hears the heavenly choir.
 The judges bow their heads and speak with eyes
 In which bright dew-drops glisten: "Go thou forth,
 Oh, Wilna, with the enchanted violin,
 And woo the world to laughter and to tears!"

Harriet Cuddaback Chapin

(There is a loud shout without the doors, which are suddenly flung wide, and a figure in jester's cap and bells skips lightly up the hall, singing at the top of her voice.)





"O, heigho! A jester am I,
And always I laugh or I cry
With a heigho, O heigho, O hi!
I shout and I dance with a spring
And a somersault backwards I fling,
While O heigho, O heigho I sing!"

(She turns a handspring on the edge of the dais, and as she sings, the faces of the Judges slowly relax until they are smiling broadly.)

JUDGES—"Of all the defenses we've heard,
Yours is clearly by far most absurd;
Your behavior exceedingly queer;
Yet, however, with tact and with wit
On this suitable sentence we've hit:
'A hair-dresser's be your career'!"

Marian Ruth Smith

Now scarce these words have left their lips, when thro
the pressing throng

A maiden with a gentle frown the straight aisle moves
along.

The Prosecutor glares at her and speaks in angry tone:
"And now, pray tell, O Marian, the cause, if it is known,
Why you do always look so sad! Has your last friend
been lost?"

For pity's sake be kind to us, and smile at any cost!"
Then forth there breaks upon her face a smile that
lights the hall;

It seems as tho a thousand lamps do shine upon the
wall.

The Prosecutor's troubled face grows mellow in its glow,
The Judges' gleam and ever seem more friendly
yet to grow.

The Genius speaks (and rubs his hands) "Her smile is
her defense!

So now but say, your Honors, pray, what shall she do
from hence?"

An inspiration strikes a Judge, he gives a wise decree:
"She shall go forth, from South to North; a Nursing
Sister she."

Abigail Von Schlegell

PROSECUTOR—It seems 'twere but a month ago
 That Abby joined our class,
 So happy has she made us all,
 That merry, little(?) lass;
 Her laughter, cleverness and wit
 Add much to Girton School;
 And tho not good, yet she's not bad,
 And ne'er would break a rule.
 She really does not study much—
 She likes good times the best,
 And as for teas and balls and such
 She there can stand the test.
 And so along the old North Shore
 Good times she'll make complete,
 And add to parties and to balls
 By her own presence sweet.

Dorcus Orme Hoge

The PROSECUTOR says:

When Dorcas had scarce passed her third glad year
 And her young artless words began to flow,
 Her parents gave the child a mem'ry book,
 Her own, wherein she might go paste and show
 By note or trophy all her daily life.
 She pasted each hour's deeds—old fancies fond,
 And laughed and prattled o'er her mem'ry Book.
 And when she turned her steady learned eye
 To Girton—then she raised a joyous cry—
 For here were trophies new for those who seek;
 And so she purchased Girton Mem'ry Books,
 And showed them to her friends who came to call.

The JUDGE replies:

Since you to mem'ry sacred vows have made,
 And nevermore your past life would forget,





You need not bathe in Lethe's lulling stream
 Whose thought-obliterating wave would pain,
 Pass forth, remembering all that has occurred,
 Into the outer world; with books on arm,
 Gleaned from your college days, tour o'er our land
 As salesman for a wondrous Mem'ry Book
 Whose volume is as boundless as the sea!

(Apologies to Turner.)

Isabel Burr Case

I.

"Isabel Case, next comes your fate!"
 The Judges all cry in one breath,
 "A student you are both early and late,
 And will be so until death."

II.

"And also a leader of women we'll see
 Spreading knowledge both far and near,
 A writer of books and papers you'll be,
 And a critic too—that is clear."

Eloise Taylor

CRIER:—Eloise Taylor, stand forth!

(Eloise mounts the platform)

FACULTY: The fault of which we now accuse you
 Is this (nor Justice we refuse you):
 The Latin tongue is your infatuation,
 You love too well the learning of that nation.

GENIUS:—You do forget her popularity,
 Her friends are legion, her admirers everywhere,
 Her heart is full of gay hilarity,
 Her speech is golden and her frowns are rare.

JUDGES: So! her defense outweighs the Accuser's
 charge Our motto's "Justice," and our pity's large.
 Hundreds shall be her friends and proud her station,
 "Belle of the South" shall be her designation."

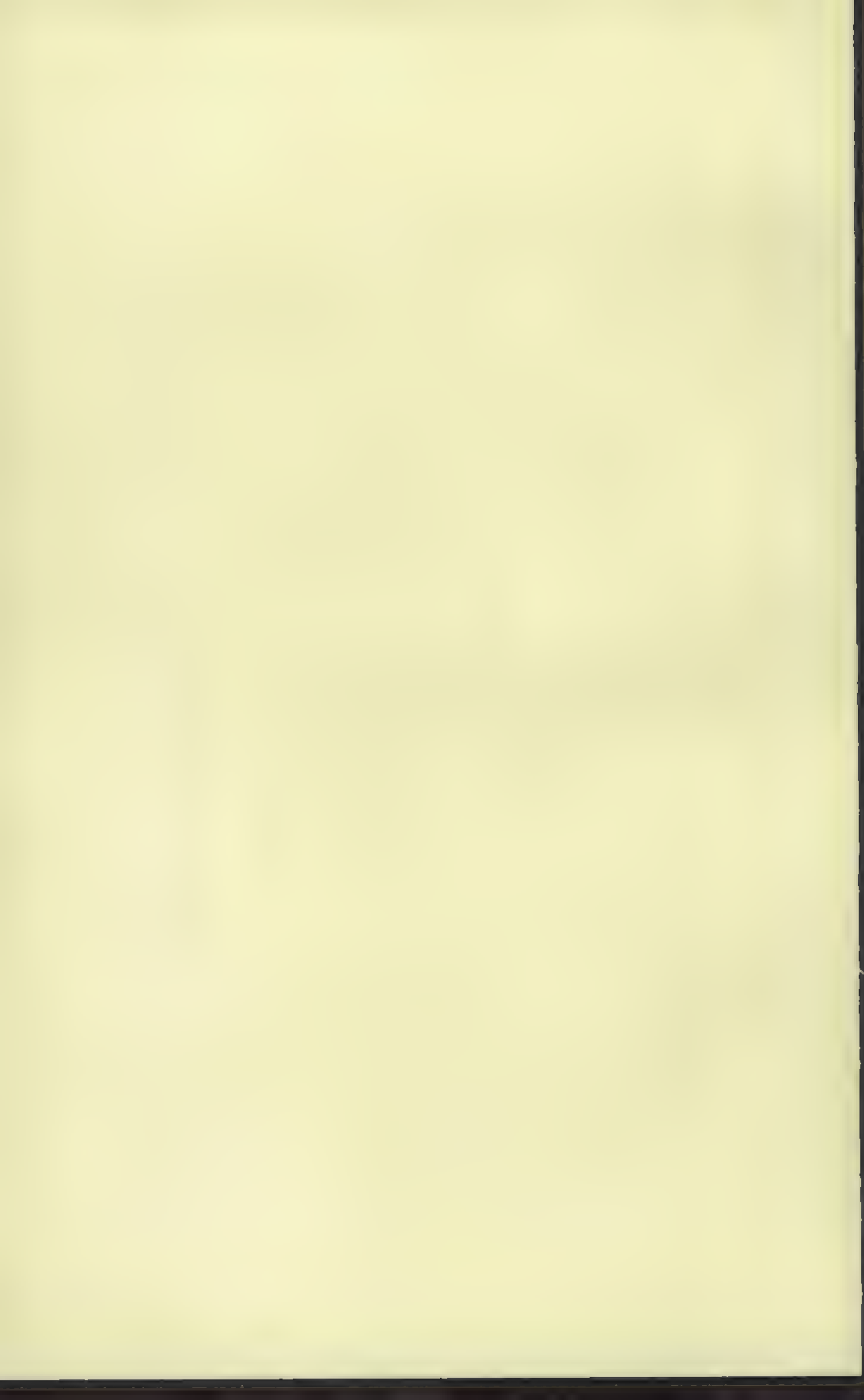
Rhoda Hecht

Coming up the narrow pathway to the dais moves then
Rhoda;
Small is she with eyes that ever shine with brown lights
on her comrades;
Speaks the Genius at her coming with a smile of friendly
greeting:
"Welcome here, O, best-loved Rhoda."
Then she tells unto the Judges how her head is full of
learning,
How she plays upon the banjo, how she does with skill
her hemming;—
Much astounded at her wisdom, overcome by joyous
wonder,
Faculty withdraws his charges.
Speak the Judges all together, 'mid a burst of eager
cheering,
Like unto the noisy tumult when vacation day an-
nounced is;
Verdict give: "O, worthy Rhoda, yours to hasten with
your efforts,
And your husband, Woman Suffrage!"

Julie Murray Forrest

Now thro the crowding Shadows
There comes a stalwart form,
A thrilling whisper runs before
Like waves before a storm.
"Hist, Julie, Captain Forrest,
The girl who won the game!
But keep it low, for don't you know,
She's awfully shy of fame."
And now the Judges from their seats
With eager faces rise,
They grasp her hand, while tears of joy
Rain forth from out their eyes.





"And are you then that Julie
Who led the senior team?
If this be so, then swiftly go
To drink of Lethe's stream.
For all who drink of Lethe
To Girton shall return;
We need you sad; be our Post-Grad.
And yet more knowledge learn."

Marie Louise Carns

Then 'mid laughter and great shouting
Comes Marie, another athlete;
She the winner of all matches
Played in tennis and in baseball,
She the winner of the prize cup
And of honors gained in sport plays.
"She shall some day wear blue ribbons
For the races in the roadsters
Won by her own sports-like manner,"
Speak the Judges to the people.

Ruth Barbara Jeffris

'Then forth there steps at sounding of her name,
Ruth Jeffris, red-haired, fiery, with a tongue
That rolls off reams of Greek, and round her neck
A placard huge with "Votes for Women" writ;
She tarries not for Accuser nor for Judge,
But cries aloud: "You'd better pass me thro;
My head's chock-full of learning, you can bet!
But now I'm busy, in a frightful stew;
Just let me out and watch to see me get!"
The Judges, gasping, smile and labor set:
"Go thou to Greece and be a Suffragette."

Elizabeth Harlow Beckler

A ripple sweeps over the audience,
A giggle is heard very near—
A swirling of skirts and a clicking of heels,
And Dolly appears in the rear.

"Who are you?" the Judges all gasp in one breath;
"Who am I? I'm Dolly, you know;
And though I'm not *good*, still I'm not very *bad*—
And I'm not very old, but I'll grow."

"We see," say the Judges profoundly impressed,
"It's you who have warbled so long
That merely from habit, as well as good sense,
Your name is connected with song;

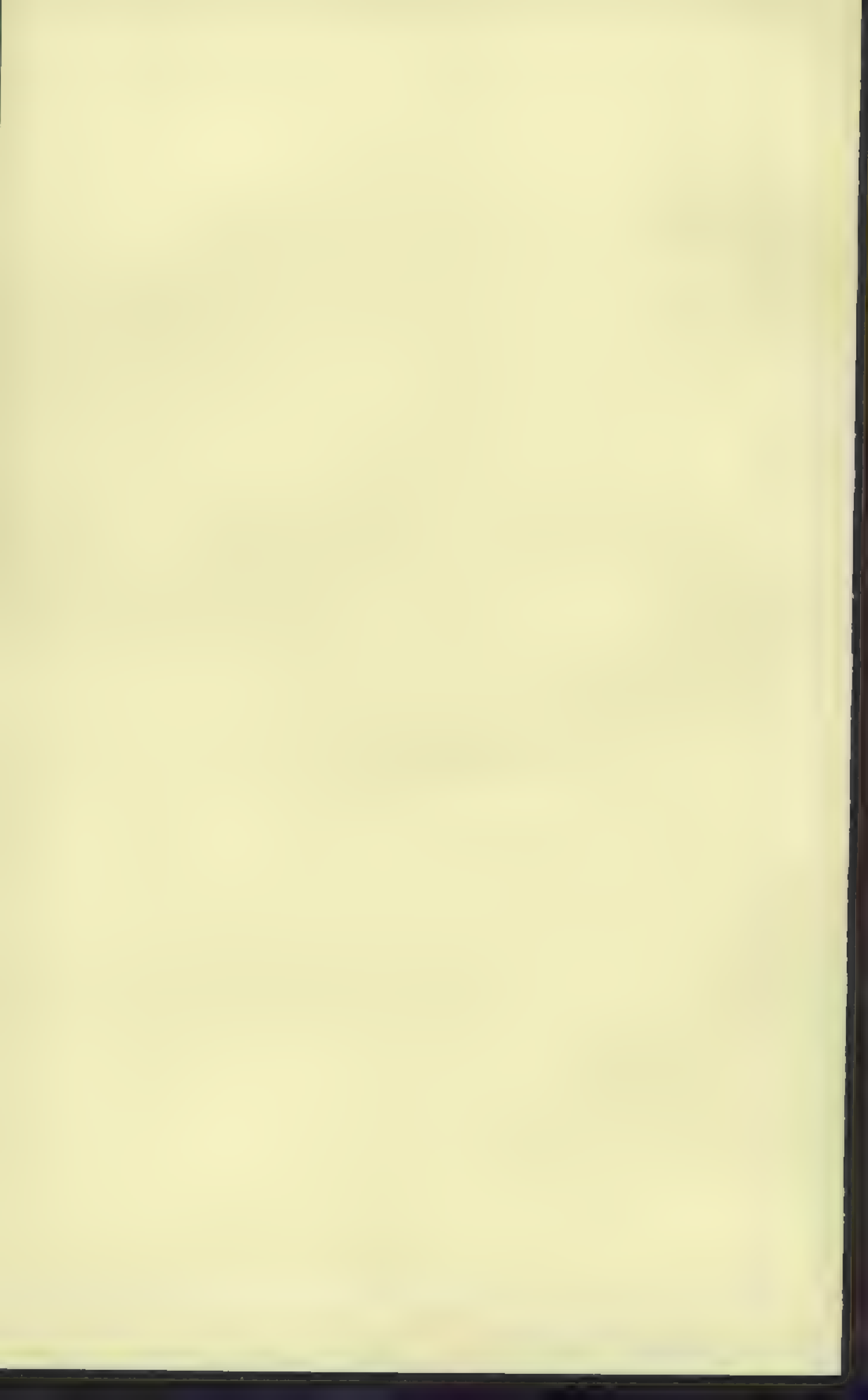
"And so to the stage we would doom you for life,
To warble by night and by day;
To satisfy all of your cravings for fame
'There seems to be no other way.'"

Marie Sammons

The JUDGES speak:

Slowly, gently, always smiling,
Down the paths of radiant sunshine,
Thro the groves of love and friendship,
Gathering happiness and kindness,
Has Marie her whole life wandered.
And to all her friends and school-mates
Happiness and love has given,
And so bright and glad has made them
That we Judges send her onward
To give love and her dear friendship
To the homeless, needy children,
To watch o'er with her sweet kindness
All the sad and sickly children.





Laura Nichols

(The speech is interrupted by an increasingly troublesome tumult near the door; cries are heard of "Laura, Laura" - the crowd parts, and an extremely well-dressed young lady advances to the front, bowing graciously and apologetically to her clamoring comrades.)

LAURA - I'm sorry, Judge - but moving - shall I sign?
 "Miss Nichols, thine the sin of tardiness
 In all thy deeds—in entering Girton late,
 In coming late each day to morning prayer—
 In themes—but since thy entrance tactful is,
 Thy hair and person decked in latest style,
 We doom thee to eternally late hours—
 (The day's work of hair-dresser finishéd)
 As social belle." He speaks; the mob takes up
 The words and bandies them about, and tells
 The tale (with variations) later on,
 After the way of girls.

Beatrice Ward King

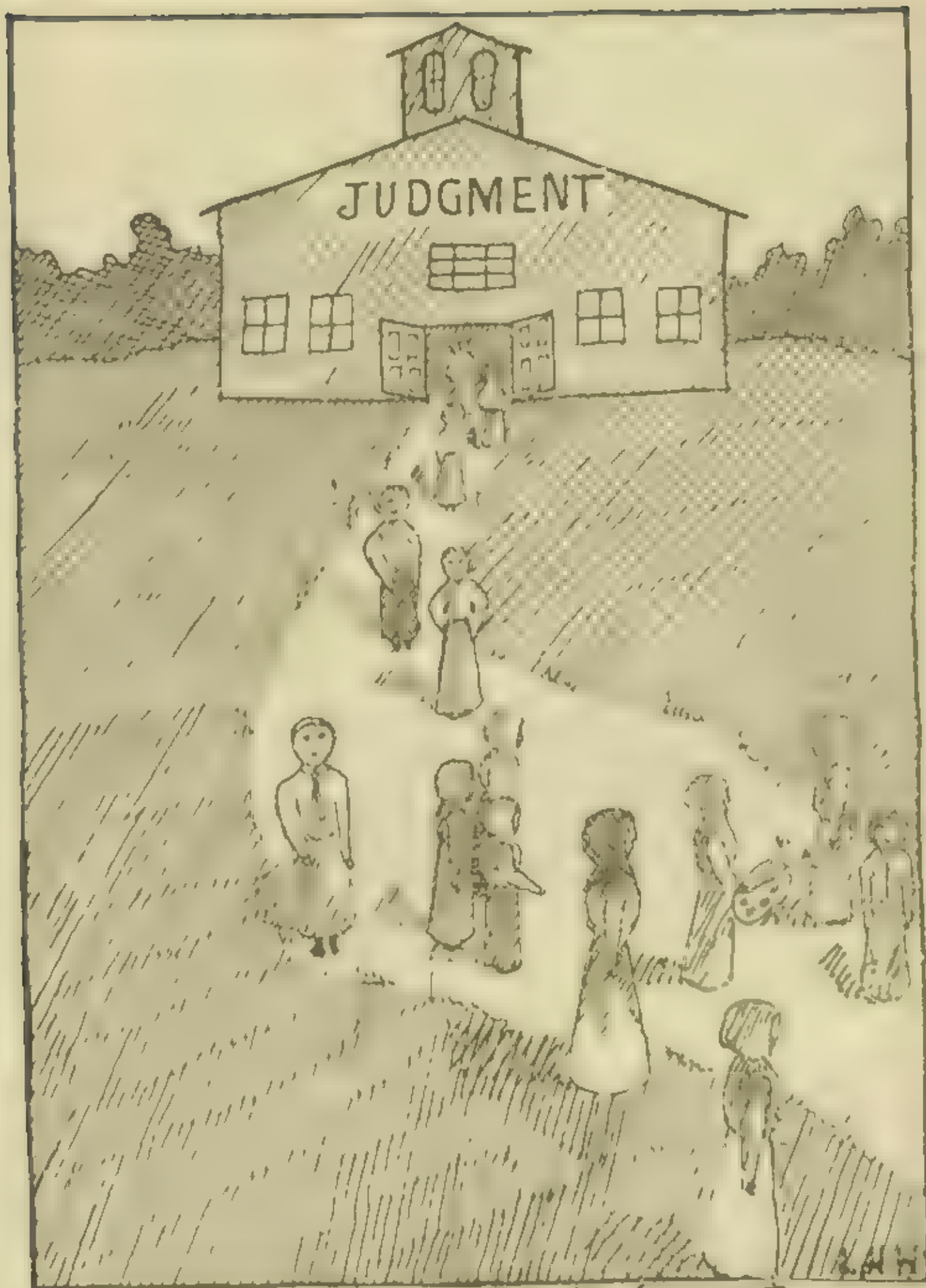
(A jaunty figure swings up to the stage with a golf-club over her shoulder, singing gaily)

"Oh, I'm the golfing shark;
 You just ought to come for a lark!
 And of all information
 'Bout school or the nation
 I'm full to the high water mark."

FACULTY:

Oh, Beatrice King, if I tried,
 I could find lots of facts for my side;
 On the whole I prefer
 To go where you were;
 Here, from envy, I just can't abide.

Beatrice and the Faculty go out arm in arm.



After the Judgment.

BOOK TWO

A great clamor breaks out, all talking at once, until their shouts re-echo under the vaulted roof of the Judgment Hall. It is impossible to hear oneself think. Slowly the crowd passes out thro the doors by which I entered and I am left alone in the deserted hall. I turn to the farther doors, and hastening out, see in the distance the dim figures of those who have just received sentence.

As I pass along the dim highway, pressing forward, eager to overtake these distant Shades in their journey onward, a voice calls me from behind. I turn and see a figure hastily approaching, intent, as she comes, upon a large scroll which she holds in her hand. She greets me with a warm, friendly smile, and eyes that twinkle behind her glasses. At once I feel an almost irresistible desire to confide to her all the history of my journey through the Other World, certain that she will share my sorrows as well as my joys. But as I seek for words to begin, she holds out to me the scroll saying: "Forsooth, O Pilgrim, lo and behold!" And thus I read:

The Girton Alumnae Association, Old and New

THE Girton Alumnae Association, which began so enthusiastically five years ago, came to a quiet and peaceful end last spring. The reasons for the unexpected result—deplored chiefly by the faithful few who were struggling to hold the association together—were apparently many, but in the mind of the writer of this article they were really one. Inevitably when a girl leaves school a multiplicity of interests demands her attention, each one more or less significant and vital in itself. Her life may be lived in college or at home, but if she is a true daughter of Girton she will have more opportunities for self-expression than possibilities of fulfilling the manifold demands made upon her time and strength. She must choose those activities which seem to her most worth while, and to them give of her time. The fate of the Girton Association was then the common fate of most Alumnae Associations—it did not offer a vital enough reason for its existence. The members who were in and near Chicago met once a year for luncheon during Christmas week—the busiest week of all the year—for social purposes only. At this meeting officers for the ensuing year were elected, dues were solicited, and the meeting adjourned. It is not surprising that those members who live near Chicago could not kindle much enthusiasm, first in themselves, and then in those at a distance, merely by trying to keep alive a sentiment for Girton School. Therefore the decision was made by those few who could be prevailed upon to state an opinion, that by its own act the Girton Alumnae Association should cease to exist, and thus make way for the formation of another association which should be able to cope with the acknowledged difficulties of the situation, with a liberal enough constitution to make it possible

for the association to develop along new lines. Members of the old association were to be asked to become members of this new one, and, profiting by the experience of the past, would help to make this organization a stronger one. Enlarged activities would, it was hoped, serve to give permanence to the happy friendships of Girton school days, and to enhance, not to detract from, the pleasure of the social gatherings that characterized the old association. And so the new Girton Alumnae Association was formed. The time was opportune, for the class best fitted to carry Girton's standard was ready and willing to be the nucleus of the new society—the class of 1911. This class was the largest Girton had ever graduated, and its members were most loyal and devoted to each other and to the school. Through their aid as charter members of this association, Girton expects much from its alumnae.

Although both organizations were formed solely at the instance of Girton Alumnae, they have had from the first the hearty approval of the school authorities, and this for several reasons. A school or college can have no greater asset than a group of loyal graduates. You, who are our graduates, represent us in the eyes of the world. By the honor which comes to you, we are honored. With time and with distance you have gained a clear perspective of the school and its value. You who know us best can help us best to make Girton into the school you and we wish it to be. Upon your counsel given collectively through the medium of the Alumnae Association, we at Girton feel that we have a right to rely. We are trying to make Girton a factor in the larger education of the girls who come to us. We look to you, Girton girls and women, for most helpful and practical advice. "You have borne the burden"—you "have earned the honor."

MARY MEYLERT RICHARDSON.

The following letter was sent by the chairman of the Alumnae Committee, Katherine McMullen, to the class of 1912. The first regular meeting of the Association will probably be held during Commencement

week at Girton. At that time the new constitution will be voted upon and officers elected for the next year.

VASSAR COLLEGE, POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.,

MARCH 21, 1912.

TO THE CLASS OF 1912 OF GIRTON SCHOOL, FROM THE
CLASS OF 1911—

As chairman of the committee appointed for the reorganizing of the Girton Alumnae Association, I wish to invite you all to become members of our new association. This is of course your right as graduates of Girton, and we certainly want you to join with us in our endeavor to retain, even after leaving, some connection with our school, and to make our interest in Girton of some real aid and benefit.

To those of you who do not intend to continue your school life this will be especially interesting, yet the girls who go on to college will, I know, want to keep in touch with their preparatory school. There is another side which will appeal to you all very much, and that is the splendid opportunity you will have through the medium of this association, to keep in touch with the girls whom you have learned to know so well, and who, because they live in some distant city, will be separated from you after this year.

The fact that the old association had been given up came as a surprise to all of us last year, when we were asked to reorganize, and to become charter members of the new association. As this request came just in the midst of graduation week we could take no immediate step for organization, and our action has been long delayed, but now that there is once more a Girton Alumnae Association we do hope that you will all become members of it.

Membership is attained by reading and signing the constitution. Some time during graduation week there will be an opportunity for you all to do this. Hoping that you will feel the interest in the endeavor for a closer cooperation with Girton after student days are past, which we feel, believe me,

KATHERINE McMULLEN.

Just as I finish reading, a voice calls her away, and I go forward thoughtfully, on my journey. Suddenly from a by-path at my right comes a small, compact form, with a sweet smile, soft voice, and a "*Bonjour ma chere amie!*" Then lapsing into English she begins **to read aloud to me the following words:**

When the Knollslea halls are stacked with great hampers of swords, wigs, riding-boots, court robes, and cassocks, we know that "the play's the thing" at Gorton—and rather more "the thing" this moonlight night of early June, than when the conning of the lines began in gloomy February. Every member of every cast will tell you that there are special feelings these play nights, which come from the blackness of behind-the-scenes, the silence of the deserted halls, and the confusion of the make-up room.

Viola is sure that her friends have missed the train. Maria is rummaging through everyone's bureau drawers looking for the bonnet she asked Sir Toby to put away. All the court ladies are wondering at the magic touch which transformed last year's friar into this year's duke. The shadow of a Beatrice is crying out for a Benedick who should be there "for just those first lines **where we come in together, please.**" And can that whisking prate be little Puck? Or is it Hero practising her swoon? Heigh ho! She's gone! But here is Malvolio, who strides and struts and wonders if **any-one has just one more hairpin to lend him.**

But once out in the starlight, under the canopy of leaves and vines, the girls know that no night of all their Gorton schooldays has more of joy and satisfaction than this night of the Shakespere play. They suppress their excitement in their eagerness to achieve the purpose of the masterful lines. Each girl endeavors to make her friends know the personality of the character **she is portraying.**

And afterwards, when the guests have gone; when the Chinese lanterns have burned out; when Knollslea is fragrant with the breath of flowers which the Juniors

in endless procession, bring to the hall; when the last tired courtier has trailed in from the blackness of the hollow her unaccustomed sword and cloak, forgetting not a moment the traditional morning wrath of the mistress of the costume hamper— then comes this last sort of feeling: perfect compensation for days of work and application, a mild relief that the play is done, and a strong desire to do it right over again.

Twelfth Night

CAST 1912

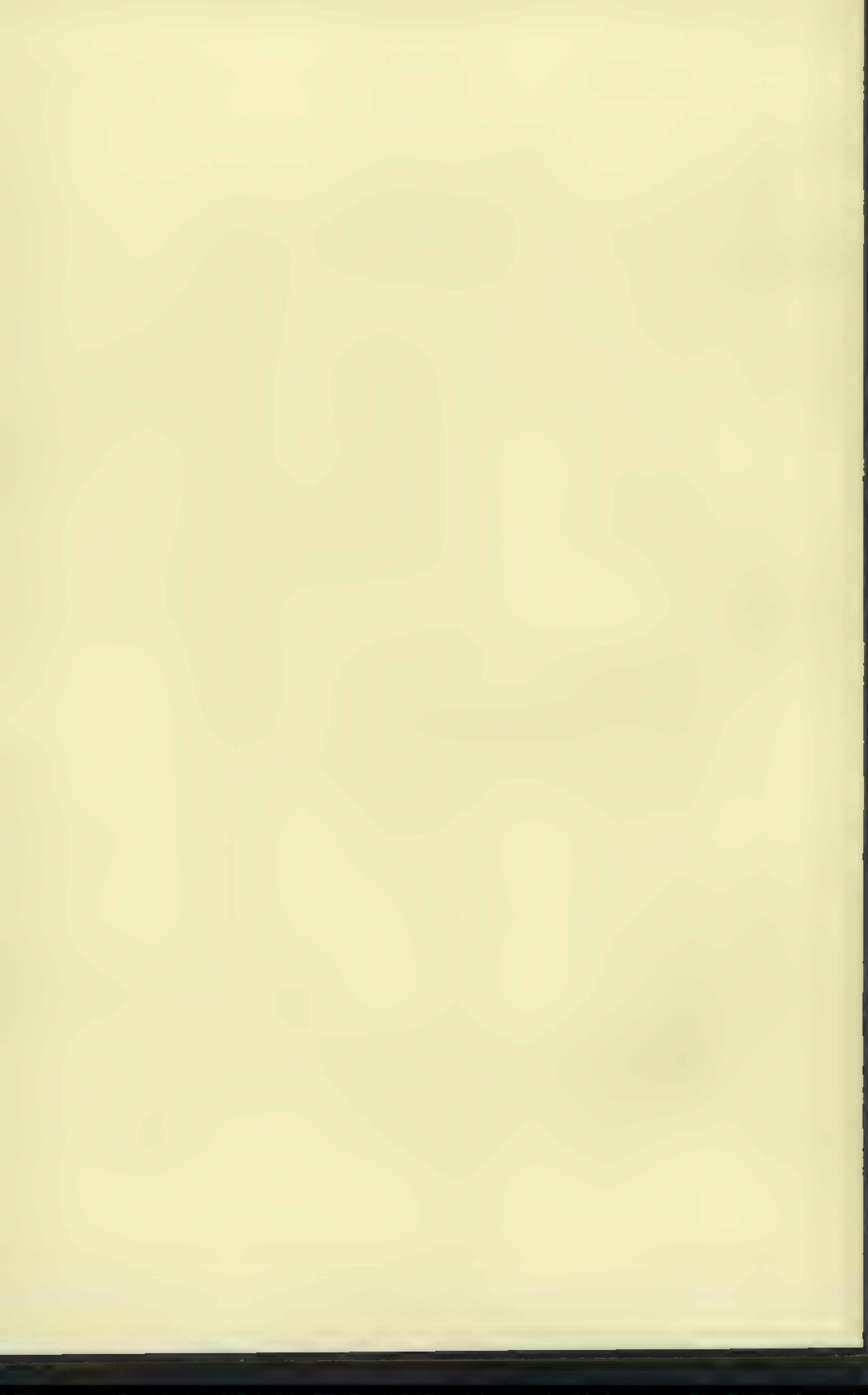
ORSINO, Duke of Illyria	-	Florence Rehtmeyer
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola	- - -	Clara Hollis
ANTONIO, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian	- -	
- - - - -	- - -	Isabel Case
A SEA CAPTAIN	- - - - -	Ellen Montgomery
VALENTINE	Gentlemen attending	Marian Smith
CURIO	} on the Duke	{ Helen Ball
SOLANIO		{ Ishbel MacLeish
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia		Abigail von Schlegell
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK	- - -	Kathrine Brown
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia	- -	Dorothy Bell
FABIAN	} Servants to	{ Elizabeth Beckler
Feste, a clown		{ Harriet Chapin
A PRIEST	- - - - -	Ellen Montgomery
OLIVIA	- - - - -	Ruth Johanson
VIOLA	- - - - -	Wilna Soverhill
MARIA, Olivia's Woman	- - -	Mildred Good
		Esther Stevens
ATTENDANTS ON OLIVIA	. . .	{ Ethel Walker
		{ Marie Carns
A SINGER	- - - - -	Miss Frances Sullivan
SAILORS	{ Julie Cahn
		{ Ishbel MacLeish
MUSICIANS	{ Marguerite Kelly
		{ Margaret Burket
		{ Katherine Spiegel
		{ Louise Wood
PAGES	{ Adelaide Seeberger
		{ Mervyn Shenton

Much Ado About Nothing

CAST 1911

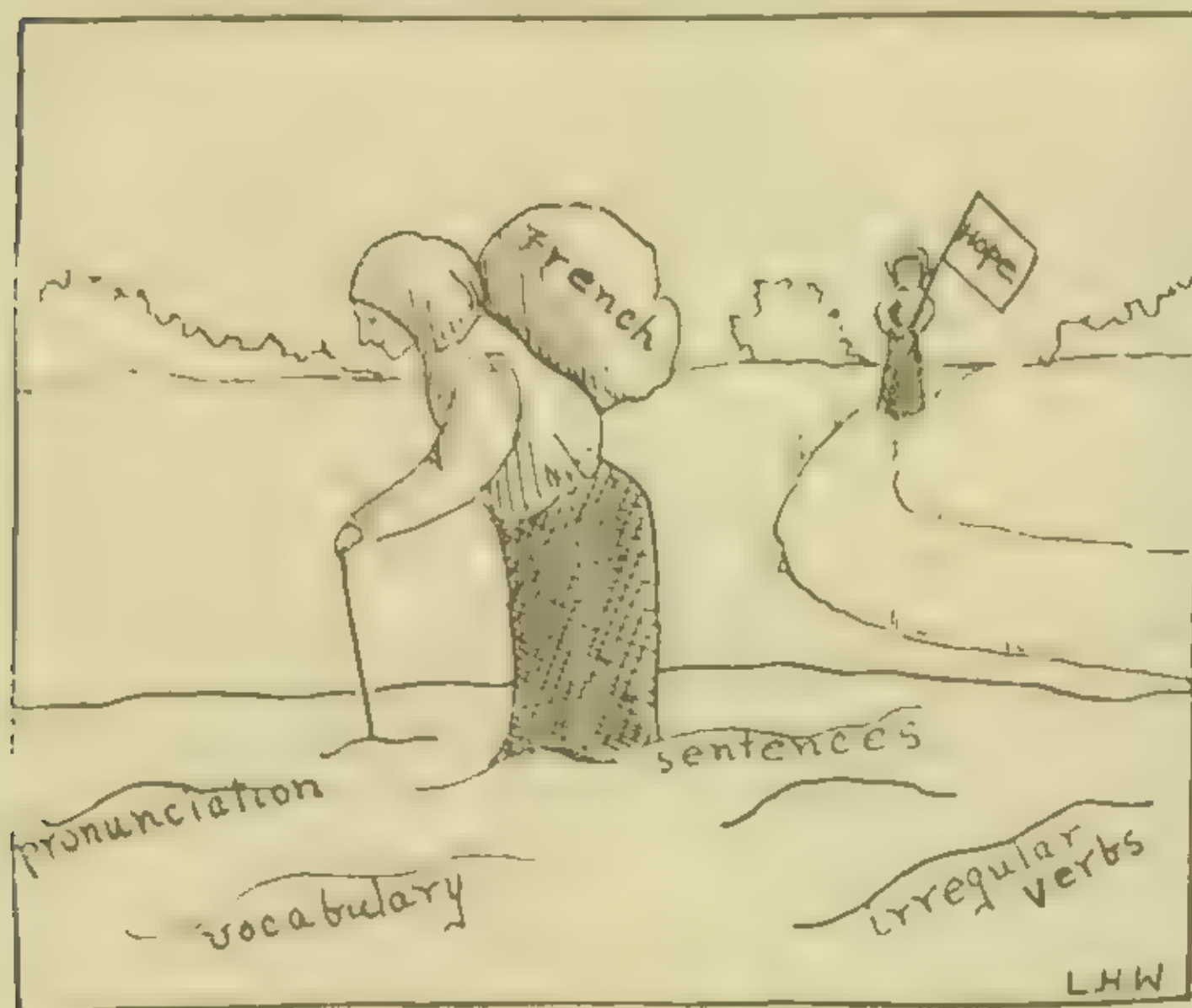
DON PEDRO, Prince of Aragon	- -	Rhea Kimball
DON JOHN, Brother to Don Pedro	-	Orpha Quinn
CLAUDIO, a young lord of Florence	-	Dorothy Bell
BENEDICK, a young lord of Padua	-	Isabel Case
LEONATO, Governor of Messina	-	Marjorie Kimball
ANTONIO, brother to Leonato	- - -	Helen Hicks
BALTHAZAR, servant to Don Pedro	-	Clara Hollis
BORACHIO, follower of Don John	-	Margaret Pettee
CONRADE, follower of Don John	-	Antoinette Jennings
DOGBERRY	- - - - -	Naida Lewis
		Emma Ford
WATCHMAN AND OFFICERS IN		Virginia Sullivan
MESSINA		Helen Hoefeld
		Margaret Ball
FRIAR FRANCIS	- - - - -	Florence Rehtmeyer
A SEXTON	- - - - -	Constance Tyrrell
HERO, daughter to Leonato	- -	Lillian Chapin
BEATRICE, niece to Leonato	- -	Elizabeth Case
MARGARET / Gentlewoman atten-		Elsa Popper
URSULA } dants on Hero		Marjorie O'Brien





Suddenly a loud cry for help is heard, and at one side I see a pitiful figure sinking in a French "slough of despond." My companion hurries to her aid, and I pause only to watch the rescue before pursuing my way.

For some time I have heard loud cheering before me, and now I reach a wide field wherein I see a densely-packed crowd surrounding a bulletin board. When I have made my way thro these unsubstantial Shades, I read in large letters this notice:



A French Slough of Despond

Basket-Ball Teams

FRESHMAN

Josephine Moore } Ishbel MacLeish }	<i>Forwards</i>
Katherine Spiegel } Elsie Meyers }	<i>Centers</i>
Julie Cahn } Eilleen Armstrong }	<i>Guards</i>

SOPHOMORE

{ Jean Hopkins { Blanche Day
{ Ellen Montgomery { Clara Hollis
{ Elizabeth Kultchar { Naida Lewis

JUNIOR

Mildred Good } Frances Mueller }	<i>Forwards</i>
Pauline Luuderback } Margaret Burkett }	<i>Centers</i>
Kathrine Brown } Edith Weil }	<i>Guards</i>

SENIOR

{ Elizabeth Beckler { Harriet Chapin
{ Florence Rehtmeyer { Adeline Gallasch
{ Julie Forrest { Marie Carns

Basket-Ball Games

Freshmen vs. Lower School, 3 to 4.

CHAMPIONSHIP GAMES

PRELIMINARIES: Seniors vs. Freshmen

Juniors vs. Sophomores

First Games: Seniors, 2; Freshmen, 3

Juniors, 0; Sophomores, 6

Second Games: Seniors, 17; Freshmen, 0

Juniors, 0; Sophomores, 14

Third Games: Seniors, 20; Freshmen, 2

FINALS: Seniors vs. Sophomores.

First Game: Seniors, 4; Sophomores, 0

Second Game: Seniors, 6; Sophomores, 2

Winners of the Tennis Tournament

Singles: Marie Carns

Doubles: Betty Hoyt

Jean Hopkins

Basket Ball

STUDY hour was over with and from West Hall all the girls came walking hurriedly toward the basket-ball field, talking excitedly and calling to those who walked leisurely to hurry up or they would miss the first of the game. The field soon became crowded with girls and teachers who walked impatiently around in twos and threes or called to the girls gathered around the upstairs windows of Knollslea.

Soon the girls who were to be the heroines of the day, rushed out from the building bundled up in sweaters, and very much excited over the important parts they were to play. It was the last day of the basket ball tournament and the struggle between the two strongest teams, the Senior and Sophomore, was to be a hard one. The referee blew the shrill whistle which meant the beginning of the end, and the excitement became intense. The ball was thrown up between the centers, and first one side had it and then the other. The first basket was made by the Seniors amid loud cheering.

When the first half was finished, the girls, upstairs in the windows, leaned eagerly out and congratulated the flushed players. When the second half started not a sound could be heard from anyone but the girls who were playing, as they ran and fell in their efforts to make the ball drop into the little round nets; and after each vain attempt the fans gave advice as to how it should be done, and encouraged them for the next time.

Finally the end came, too soon for the excited spectators, but welcomed by the breathless and tired ten who had fought so valiantly for the honor of their classes. The score was announced, six to two, in favor of the Seniors, and then the class yells on all sides showed no lack of class spirit.

The victors were very proud of their victory, but admitted not regretfully that it had been won only after a hard battle.

M. S. '12

Just as I finish, a bell rings loudly and the crowd vanishes, leaving me utterly alone. After a time I turn from the broad, straight highway into the narrow, shadowy Path of Memory. As I go, musing, suddenly in a dark spot I stumble and find my way obstructed by a great book. When with much labor I have dragged it out into the light, I see that it is the "Student Life at Girton" that has caused my downfall. I open it eagerly and slowly these memories come back to me.

Student Life at Girton

THE GIRTON ENCYCLOPEDIA

ARNOLD, RUTH—An insoluble mystery; Junior or Special?

BLAZER—A species of dress found in great abundance at Girton—Varying in color.

BOARD, THE—Synonyms: work, inspirations(?)

COOKE, MR.—A rarity seldom found at Girton.

DAY, BLANCH—A species of girl in which the faculty for ideas predominates.

DAY, MISS—A species of teacher of the French variety.

FRESHMAN—An unknown quantity.

GIRLS, EVANSTON—Accompaniment to the morning hymn.

GREENE, KATHRYNE—Monday, Wednesday and Friday a young lady; Tuesday and Thursday a child.

HOLLIS, CLARA—A well known personage at Girton, generally found in the boarding department.

JUNIOR—The state of being neither here nor there.

KITTLEMAN, HORTENSE—Girls addicted to the habit of

LENHAM, DOROTHY { studying Virgil.

MATZ, FAMILY—About the 15th of each month, the terror of the Sophomore class.

MEETING, FACULTY—An unfortunate invention; an opportunity to relieve one's mind.

MILLER, MISS—A species of teacher with a soft heart.

OSBORNE, MARION—Well known for her belief in her ability to conquer, even if it is a car in question.

RICHARDSON, MISS—"A friend in need."

ROOD, ALICE—Famous poetess and novelist. Master-piece, as agreed by most critics, "The Lost Heir."

SENIOR—The common goal. Synonyms: wisdom, procrastination.

SEIBERGER, ADELAIDE—Noted for her fondness for Domestic Science.

SNYDER, MR.—A living bookstore. Fond of camping, see page 103.

SOPHOMORE—A biped inordinately fond of flags and theatricals.

SPECIAL—A person in an uncomfortable position.

THOUGHTS OF FRESHMEN

In four years' time I'll be so old
I know I shall be gray.
In four years' time I'll be so wise
That every one with eager eyes
Will hark to what I say.

In four years' time—how long it seems,
And yet how swift it goes—
I'll be grown up with skirts let down
With spectacles and thoughtful frown
Upon my learned nose.

In four years' time, when I'm eighteen
Oh, venerable age!
A stately senior then I'll be,
Departed then my infancy,
A scholar and a sage.

In four years' time, in cap and gown,
I'll be a graduate;
With "sheep-skin" armed, in life I'll start,
With vast conceit and hopeful heart,
To learn my unknown fate.

A. R., '15.

THE FIVE STUDENT RULES

Students are requested to take pencils from the teachers. The latter supply the finest brand.

Take books out of the library and tear as much as possible, or perhaps write in them. It will make it more interesting for the next girl.

Borrow books at all times; the students do not use them. Their return is not necessary.

Talk as much as you like in the Study Hall. The teacher is there to prevent any lull in the conversation.

Stuff paper in the desks or drop it on the floor, as we desire to keep the waste-paper baskets empty and clean.

V. M.

CONFESSIONS OF THE BULLETIN BOARD

What would the school do without me, even tho I am one of the later institutions and understand I have a rival on the door-jamb of the assembly upstairs?

My post is in an advantageous position and affords me the most varied interest each day, for right next to me is the Principal's office. What sardonic chuckling I sometimes hear during Faculty Conference in that room, and again, with what dejected looks do some victims come forth from the same place! I've heard rumors that the Heads are mighty hard to persuade!

My poor face is generally so plastered with interesting notices that I have great difficulty in seeing all that goes on.

For instance, once a year there is a lively tennis tournament, due reports of which are always posted. Then, usually on cold days, when a list for ball practice is put up, how the monotony of age-old, dust-gathering notices is varied, for the loud bewailing of each new reader draws me from my ennui! Once a month, too, some worried persons viciously stick up "Dues must be in by the 15th," and I smile knowingly, for before long some maiden will come gaily up, and it will be, **"Again! I can't save a cent!"**

Late in the year I hear much talk of a "GIRTONIAN" and "Board Meeting" and then I look down with pity on the "Knocks Box" below me; there it hangs so forlornly, pleading for just one joke to keep up its former prestige and the custom, in accordance with the strong feeling I hear of "We've-always-done-so-ness" at Girton.

But it's growing late, for the Busy Man across the hall, with all the books and papers, is going home. "Mon Dieu," how the draught from the door has chilled me till I'm numb!

B. K., '12.

SPRING FEVER

Spring Fever is a contagious disease. School children from the age of six to eighteen years may be **subject to said disease.**

It is caused by sudden changes of climate, and it produces strange effects in various individuals. The most common effect on the average person is a cheery countenance, the inability to do his work, lack of vitality, a sudden love for sunshine and the out-door world, **and an unconquerable insomnia.**

Leicester Hall is affected in a strange manner. The beds are moved to different positions in the rooms, blanket pennants are removed from the walls, clean curtains are put up; books are forsaken for tennis, baseball, and long walks, and the thoughts of examinations are banished from the minds of all for a time **in order to enjoy properly the weather.**

The only cure for this malignant disease is a vacation of several weeks from *all* work. This has been agreed upon by the most prominent physicians as having the most permanent effect on all people suffering with Spring Fever.

W. S., '12.

THE MIDNIGHT FEAST

My little watch told 'twas twelve o'clock,
The appointed hour had come;
I reached the door and turned the lock—
But oh! what a noise it made, it made,
But oh! what a noise it made!

The stairs made more noise that awful night
Than they ever had before;
I stepped so lightly, but try as I might—
Oh, what a noise I did make, did make!
Oh, what a noise I did make!

At last I reached my destiny
And ate 'till I thought I'd burst!
Then all said "goodnight," and left stealthily—
But oh! what a noise we had made, had made,
But oh! what a noise we had made!

I slipped in descending the stairs so steep,
And lit, with a very loud thump,
At the foot of the stairs, in a tumbled heap—
But oh! what a noise I had made, had made,
But oh! what a noise I had made!

It was over now for best or for worst;
I had reached my downy pillow,
It was over—that feast, which had been my first—
But oh! what a noise I had made, had made,
But oh! what a noise I had made!

I. McL., '14.

A SUNDAY

Saturday had been a busy day—of course they were all tired. A week of such strenuous work was enough to tire anyone, so the Virgil students told us, after they'd struggled heroically over their usual fifty lines. But to awaken on a rainy Sunday morning and to be informed by a few breakfast-faithfuls that unless it cleared off—awful thought—there would be no church—whose spirits wouldn't rise? For this would mean another nice morning chat in bed with roommates or **visiting neighbors.**

Fate and the sun were against them. Word came around that there should be full church attendance that morning, so the girls grumblingly tumbled out of bed, or were pulled out by obliging friends, after waiting about fifteen minutes to become thoroughly awakened. For it was ten o'clock and who could expect these hard-worked victims of overstudy to be awake at that **unheard of hour?**

Wonders! What is this brilliant plan? Now that we have to go, we might at least have a little excitement out of it. Busy minds get together; little by little the threads of the plot are woven. One wild scream, followed by laughing, too loud to be exactly proper, brings the rest of the hall, tripping the light fantastic over laundry bags and trays carelessly set outside the doors, to the scene of action. More laughter and mysterious moving around, stifled giggles and hurryings up and down steps, enough to astonish any **one ignorant of the future.**

And when the bell rang, such a sight—words fail to describe it—as greeted the eyes of the long suffering teacher, as this body of inspired Muses presented themselves! Tall girls in small girls' coats, and a display of vivid color such as would blind the eye; jaunty rib-

bons pinned coquettishly on queer shaped hats—who said these girls had an eye for color?

“My dear—of all rare mortals! Did you ever see anyone like it? Will you just look here? I hope we look cute!” said one to another as she splashed through a small lake of water, regardless of consequences and a pair of watchful eyes following closely.

Is it necessary to say that one “mongst this madding crowd” did not approve of this garb and such unseemly conduct? An accusing glance met all eyes turned in her direction.

I would not like to state here how much good was received from the sermon. But this I know: From all reports I have heard, it was one of those times which make school girls feel that life is worth living even on a rainy Sunday.

H. B. '12.

LATIN I.

"Young ladies, you will write the conjugations,
Forsooth, the foolish maidens that you are;
"I will put us on the friendliest relations
To correctly conjugate the verb 'amor'."

"Young ladies, you're improving to my pleasure,
In sooth, the clever children that you are;
You've all increased your mark in quite a measure;
This is the best that you have done, by far."

"Kind teacher, I am not prepared to do it,
In sooth, the pressed and hurried girl I 'are',
I know that during 'exes' I will rue it;
My average is dropping off by far."

"Young lady, I have given ample warning,
In sooth, the lazy student that you are;
We'll have a little chat tomorrow morning,
Sing hey, the Latin lesson, and Bryn Mawr!"
A. R., '15.

Apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan

SPREADING NEWS AT GIRTON

"My dear," cried my roommate from the window-seat, "there goes my pillow. I thought the screen was in, and nearly fell out myself. How shall I get it? I'll get caught if I get out and I'm not crazy about walking around in the mud with my new bedroom slippers on."

"Go down and climb out Elsie's window," I suggested. "Bright idea, come on," and we both ran downstairs and went into Elsie's room. She was studying—which was something of a phenomenon—and informed us that her roommate had wearied of her company, and gone in search of adventure. Dot climbed out the window, rescued the pillow, and started to get back in, when she slipped in the mud and sat right down, and in her best kimona too!

"Ouch, I've scratched my arm," she wailed from the mud puddle.

"Well, hurry up, and don't stop to talk about it," observed Elsie, "there goes the bell now."

We hurried upstairs and Dorothy, with a melancholy air, took off her ruined kimona, laid the muddy pillow on the window seat, and we both went to bed.

We had no sooner reached the study hall next morning, than a girl came tearing up to Dot and burst upon us with an avalanche of words.

"My dear, I've just heard about it! I think it's perfectly *miraculous*! I should think you'd have been killed! I suppose you landed on the pillow, tho. Why, my dear, I heard of a boy who fell out of a window and wasn't hurt at all, but I never believed it until now. Oh my dear! Did you scratch your arm? *How* at a shame! Peg, oh Peg," she cried to a day girl who had just come, "Have you heard about Dot? My dear, she fell out the second story window over at Leicester last night and wasn't hurt at all except a scratch on her arm. Isn't that the rarest thing you ever heard?"

"No, did you, Dot? You're stuffing us!" exclaimed the day girl with an incredulous gasp.

"What did I hear about Dorothy Parker?" cried a voice from the other side of the room.

But just then the bell rang and everyone became quiet for a while. We heard of nothing else except Dot's fall, all morning. Notes flew back and forth during study hour and by recess everyone in school knew a good deal more about the affair than Dot and I. Needless to say we said nothing to spoil the story. Dot exhibited her scratched arm and muddy kimono to any curious girl who couldn't quite believe the story without proofs, and I described the variety of feelings with which I saw my roommate disappear into the darkness. Elsie told how she had heard a dull thud outside the window and how, upon her looking out, this white robed figure sat up exclaiming, "Ouch, I scratched my arm."

The second night after the "fall," Miss Prescott sent for Dorothy and me to go down to her room.

"Dorothy," she began severely, when we had gone in trembling, "what is this absurd story about your falling from the window?" Dot began to giguele and couldn't stop, so Miss Prescott turned disgustedly to me. "May," she said sternly, "can you tell me the meaning of this?"

Finally I managed to explain the facts and when I had finished she gave us a stern lecture on deceit and hypocrisy. "I shall inform the girls in the morning of this," she concluded, "I have no sympathy with practical joking."

As soon as we were dismissed we went to Elsie's room.

"Elsie Smith," cried Dot, "what do you mean by getting that story all over school? I guess I'll stay in bed tomorrow morning."

"Why, I didn't tell anybody you fell out the window!" said Elsie indignantly.

"Marjorie, will you tell me just what I said that night?"

"Why, you said, Dot's pillow fell out the window and she went after it. My dear, oh no, my dear, you weren't stuffing me? My dear!

E. M. '14

CLASS DAY SONGS

MUSIC—“*Take Me Back to Baby Land*”

Take me back to Girton School
 With the class of 1912,
 Where the girls had lots of fun,
 Besides to dig and delve!
 Take me back to dear West Hall,
 With class rooms freezing cold;
 Take me back to Girton School,
 And the dear past days of old!

MUSIC—“*The Eyes That I Idolize*”

Talk about girls, sing about girls,
 Dream about girls of 1912!
 Some from the east,
 Some from the west,
 But we're quite sure that our girls are the best!
 Now we all quite agree,
 'Neath this old class tree,
 'Tis superfluous now to explain, don't you see
 The trials and troubles in our history
 Would bother you needlessly now.

CHORUS

For we're Seniors, Seniors, Seniors of 1912,
 Dignified, full of pride, that we're to graduate from here;
 For at Girton, Girton, we've made many friendships
 dear,
 And now as we go, we all want you to know
 That we'll cherish school memories.

MUSIC—“*Blue Bell*”

Good-bye, dear Girton, farewell to thee!
 To all our classmates dear, and Faculty;
 When we have parted, these schooldays o'er,
 Then let us not forget this old north shore!



At this particularly vivid memory I close the book with a bang and look up. Before me I see a steady stream of Shadows entering a door at the end of the Path of Memory. I follow them and find myself in a theater with the curtain just rising inscribed with the words: "MISS MILLER—A COMEDY."



ELIZABETH KULTCHAR (on January 19th). "Say girls, when will it be the 11th? I have a conference with Miss Miller on that day."

MISS MILLER, in English II. — "I want you to know the lives of those two men, John Milton and George Eliot."

LOUISE OTIS to Miss Miller (with her usual frankness) — "That would be monotonous too if you read it aloud, as you read 'American Taxation'!"

RUTH JEFFERIS, criticizing Miss Miller's corrections on her theme — "My paper looks like a slaughter-house."

LOUISE OTIS in English, speaking of a sentence of Burke's — "It isn't plain long. It's got extras."

HELEN SNYDER, writing of Mr. Tulliver's lawsuit in the "Mill on the Floss"—"Mr. Tulliver lost his suit and could not come downstairs until January."

LOUISE WOOD in English — "Poe's mother and father were actresses."

MISS MILLER, explaining the difference between a suffragist and a suffragette, said — "You know, girls, suffragettes are those women who are very narrow-minded in regard to women's rights; they often cause riots in the streets, fire stones thro windows, and forget that they are ladies, while suffragists are very broad-minded and never behave themselves in an unladylike way."—Silence. VIRGINIA MILNER (innocently)—"Which are you, Miss Miller?"

MARGARET BURKETT — "Why did the period begin in 1660, when Dryden was born in 1631?"

MISS MILLER (slowly) — "He didn't begin his work as soon as he was born, Margaret!"

JEANETTE CLARK in English, to Miss Miller, — "Johnson spent about five years near Litchfield teaching, and doing other lowly—" The class gasps and then goes off!

"She admired him because he was her husband."

MISS MILLER to Dorcas Hoze — "Dorcas, do you think she would have to admire her husband to be able to love him?"

DORCAS (looking embarrassed) — "I don't know."

When I come out of the theater dazed by the wondrous things I have just heard, and with my head in a whirl, I am in the midst of a great wood. In the distance I hear blows and loud shouts and peals of laughter. I hurry on, and enter a very busy scene. Familiar faces flit past my eyes; my ears are full of familiar voices. These are some of the snatches I catch of laugh-interrupted conversation:

MISS DAY—"What land did the English still have in France?"

ADELINE GALLASCH (doubtfully)—"Scotland."

KATHERINE SPIEGEL—"One characteristic of the Tudor kings is that they could marry as many times as they wanted to."

MISS HOKK, at play practice—"All those who aren't here that should be here, please speak up!"

LUCILE—"What does expedition mean?"

ADELAIDE—"Don't you know?"

LUCILE—"Oh, of course, I ought to, I was at the St. Louis expedition."

Girls exclaim over some peculiar happening; RUTH—"Oh don't you know, girls, there're receptions to every rule."

MISS DAY (in French class)—"Ruth, what kind of pronouns have we today?"

RUTH JEFFRIS—"Disjunctive and conjunctive."

MISS DAY—"What are the conjunctive?"

RUTH—"All that are not disjunctive."

HELEN BAIL in Virgil—"There are people in Hades aren't there, who carry dark lights?"

MISS RICHARDSON (not feeling qualified to judge)—"We-e-ll, that's rather indefinite!"

MISS RICHARDSON in Latin I.—"Ulysses entered the room and shot the suitors one after another and then they left the palace!"

EMILY RUSSELL in Virgil—"He seats himself on the dry point of a rock."

MISS RICHARDSON, in a pained tone—"Oh Emily, don't make it too sharp!"

MARGUERITE KELLY—"I'm the oldest in our family except two brothers and a sister that are married."

BEATRICE STARR—"What do you say in pantomime, anyway?"

EDITH WEIL displayed a singularly complete knowledge of the religious situation at the time of Charlemagne by writing as follows—"Charlemagne was the soul ruler of the Franks."

KATHERINE SPIEGEL—"The Danes came from Newfoundland."

MISS FELLOWS, in faculty meeting—"If she goes on she will drop behind."

RUTH ARNOLD—"Catiline was convicted of bigamy." (She meant "brigandage.")—

JEANETTE CLARK—"Mon cocher est poli;" "My pig is polite."

TEACHER to Miss Seeberger—"Why were you late?"

ADELAIDE—"Because I didn't get here on time."

Rendering Shakespeare modern fashion:

OLIVIA—"Where is Malvolio?"

MARIA—"Huh?"

MISS RICHARDSON (in morning exercises) holding up a pair of gloves—"A pair of gloves has been lost. Has anybody found them?"

ELSA FRIEDLANDER in German I., translating, "das Kind,"—"The kid."

EMILY RUSSELL in Virgil—"He descended to earth wrapped up in his cloud."

JEANETTE CLARK, at recess—“I’m looking for Mr. Cooke. I’ve *been* looking for him for six days!”

CLARA HOLLIS in Caesar class is looking abstractedly at a point in the ceiling when she is brought to earth by a question from Miss Richardson, “What tense is this Clara?” “What? oh er the imperfect;” then realizing a certain inadequacy, “That is um I m m mean the pluperfect.” “What *do* you mean?” in a painfully patient tone from Miss Richardson elicits the following triumphant answer, “I *mean* the perfect.”

Literal—JEANETTE CLARK in Virgil—“A star slipped carrying a tail.”

The expressman asked Lucile if she wanted to place a value on her trunk.

LUCILE—“Why, yes, I guess so.”

EXPRESSMAN—“How much?”

LUCILE—“We-ell, how much do they *usually* place on them?”

ISABEL MACLEISH, pointing out a statue of Narcissus—“That’s Daffodil.”

MR. SNYDER, in German—“What is the meaning of ‘veggehen’?”

FLORENCE TYDEN—“To come back, or to go away.”

MARGARET CLINCH caused a disturbance in the dressing-room by remarking to Josephine—“Is this a momentum of the wedding?”

ISABEL CASE, chaperoning the Seniors home from Miss Richardson’s, handing the conductor a ten ride ticket,—“Eleven young ladies, please.”

MISS FELLOWS, working a problem in Algebra T. B.—“Girls, how much is nine times six?”

More dazed than ever I slip quietly out of the wood by a well-worn path. Before me is a great wall reaching up almost as far as eye can see, but directly in front of me there stands wide open a broad golden gate that gleams in some bright light beyond, and thro which passes a long stream of Shades that reaches back apparently endlessly. As each goes forth thro the great gate in the golden light, she is handed a scroll. I slip into the line and receive a scroll also and when I have passed out the gate I read it as I go.

September 21—School begins. Everybody "fresh."

September 27—Brand new waste baskets!!

September 28—Miss Richardson announces three stock "don'ts."

Don't walk tracks.

Don't belong to a sorority.

Don't leave the school house without her permission.

September 30—Tennis Tournament—very exciting because of the three cups Mr. Cooke gave which were won by Marie Carns, Betty Hoyt, and Jean Hopkins.

October 10—Two Girton traditions begin (Current Topics and Spelling)—"Sighs."

October 16—We never knew Knollslea was such a "Circus."

October 21—Seniors choose a rainy night to go to Hull House.

October 24—Basketball cup at last appears—Cheering! Congratulations, Senior!

November 14—Weather Freezing—D. Bell goes to town in a white dress, red sweater, straw hat, and ornaments hanging from her suit case. (She was only rushing the season.)

November 15—Poor Dolly!! She can't eat? High collar!!

November 16—Helen Walker holds classes for those wishing artistic gestures in debates.

November 17—Debate—Mystery!! Who were the uninvited guests at the masquerade?

November 18—Donations for an alarm clock for Miss Fellows gratefully accepted.

November 22—Girton goes to church. (Dressed for the weather.)

November 29—Sleep all the way from Winnetka to Evanston. This was on the Girton sleighride. We went to Theobald's and it kept us awake for the coming home.

November 30—Oak shows us their "Hard Times."

December 11—The school has trouble owing to differences of opinion concerning the hymn.

December 12—The tardiness of Heir Snyder deprives the school of the inestimable privilege of hearing the **German students sing "Stille Nacht."**

December 13—Strangers at Girton would think Mr. Cooke kept a boarding school for dolls. The committee begs, borrows, or steals some seventy dollars at the **"Doll Show."**

December 16—Merry Christmas—Joy and excitement!

January 3—A very chilly return.

January 4—Decidedly cold. Why did we come back?

January 5—Iceland! Let's go home.

January 9—Miss Case (our new faculty member) teaches the Virgil class in Miss Richardson's absence. (On Miss R's return she is amazed at their knowledge of Virgil.)

January 15—The school enjoys Mr. Watson's tardiness on the day of his first lecture.

January 17—Plans for "GIRTONIAN" Board actually made out and voted for!

January 18—"Sweeny" dresses up!!

January 24—Sophs give the Freshies something to eat.

January 25—Were we ever hungry in our lives? Yes! (The morning we went to Knollslea late.)

January 26—Girton School announces the marriage of Miss Starkenfaust to Mr. Altenburg. The wedding takes place at Leicester Hall.

January 27—Attendant at the Art Institute addresses Miss Richardson as "Miss Girton."

January 31—Leicester gets a birthday present—a piano; and "Mon je" arrives.

February 1—Exams?!?!?

February 2—Ditto!

February 3—Ditto!

February 9—An event—The Junior Prom given at the Woman's Club in Winnetka is very successful even tho the boarders have to go five in a cab (with overshoes on!).

February 10—The morning after!!

February 14—Seniors give a reception for the Alumnae.

February 18—Don't say Girton never gave you anything—Remember the postal cards.

February 20—Miss Miller adds a new word to her vocabulary.

February 21—Girton heartily thanks the Sophomores for their donation of an American flag to the school.

February 24—Juniors give the Seniors a "five hundred" party at Kathryne Greene's on a very rainy night, but nevertheless they have a fine time.

February 25—Sophs go to a Freshman party!!!

March 5—"Brite" and fair.

March 6—Senior meeting held at Miss Richardson's. Fun, and many plans formed for Commencement.

March 7—Apples come to study hour!

March 8—On March eighth little "Spiegel Fish," daughter of the Misses Beckler and Chapin, passed quietly away. Funeral held at Leicester cemetery.

March 9—An informal at Knollslea.

March 12—"Crisby" still seriously ill from the day she overstudied.

March 13—The cook strikes!!!

March 15—Snowed-in again.

March 17—Swam to church.

March 19—Girton School elects Theodore Roosevelt president of the United States.

March 20—Discovered Adelaide Seeberger has a musical temperament (for "Take a little tip from father.")

March 23—Seniors give Juniors a theatre party in "Chi."

March 24—Spring hats.

March 27—Something new at Girton—A calf.

March 28—On March 28th, 1912, Ruth Jeffris pays her dues.

March 29—Vacation—"Three cheers!"

April 9—On our return—The cellar is popular.

April 10—Still crackers and water at recess.

April 15—Miss Jane Addams speaks.

April 17—Mr. Cooke has a mouse chase!

April 18—"Launcelot and Elaine" given by the Sophomores.

April 19 Window "raise." Prizes awarded to Katherine Spiegel and Ruth Jeffris.

April 20 "Schrop" provides the school with asparagus.

April 22 Interesting Hygiene Lecture by Dr. Brown.

April 23 We have the giggles! (Second lecture.)

April 24—Blue and white blazers!!!

April 28 Our old friend, Mr. Watson, takes an important part at the pageant.

April 30 Catherine Wightman comes to school!!!

May 1 Dramatic Expressionists give us some "Scenes from Childhood."

May 9 Mrs. MacLeish speaks on "Education in China."

May 10 Behind Knollslea! What's that shooting?

May 14 Girtton gives three cheers for the red, white, and blue. The Sophomores raise the stars and stripes. Mr. Snell speaks for "five" minutes and Mr. Budlong gives a prayer.

May 15—Dolly, much in disgrace, helped herself to a cracker in Hortense's and Eloise's room.

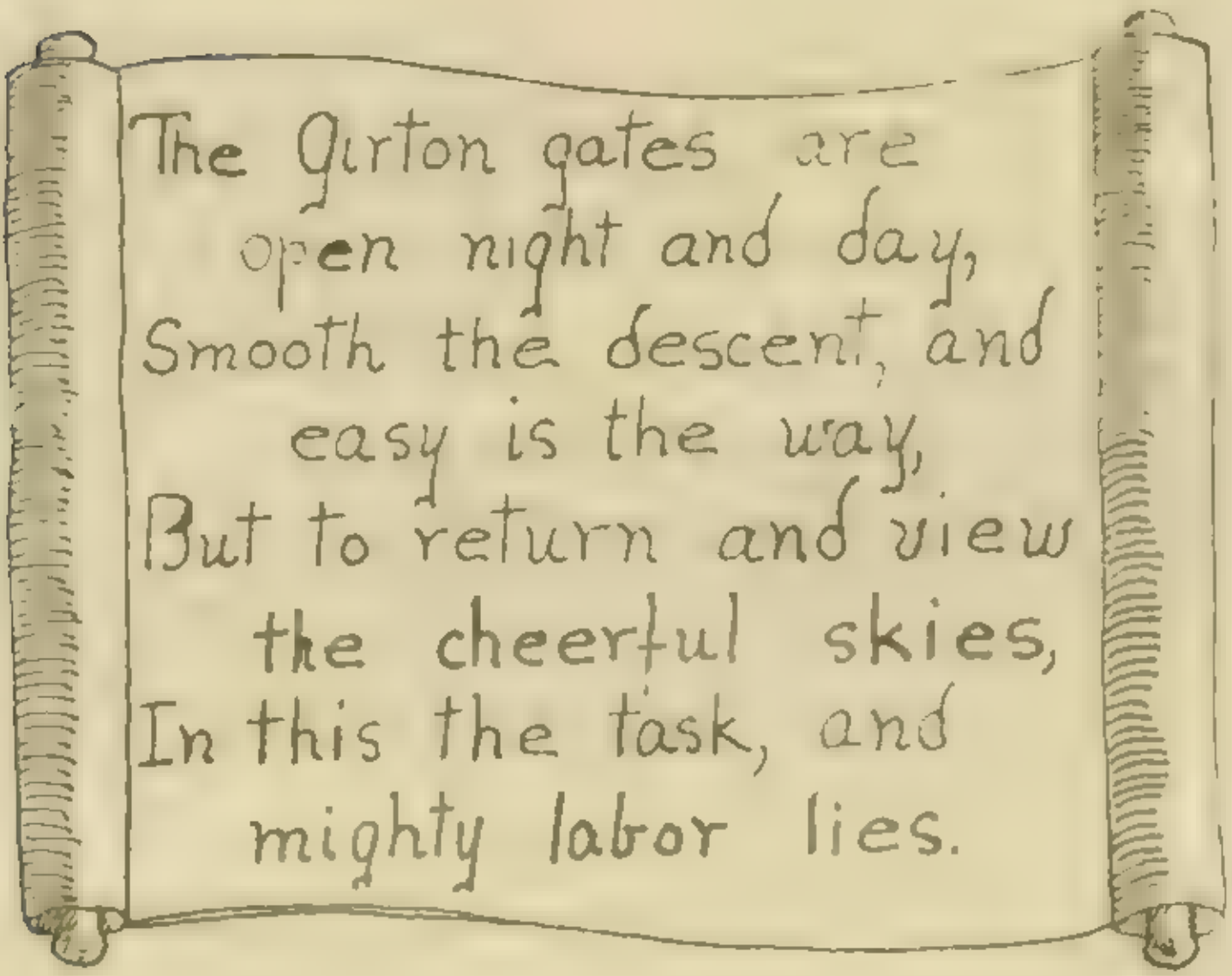
May 30—Music students give a recital.

June 4—Senior Play—"Twelfth Night."

June 5—Class Day.

June 6—Commencement—Dance!?!?!

And as I go I turn and look back and lo! the great gate shines with a wondrous radiance and over the arching pillars I read these gleaming words:

A hand-drawn scroll with a wavy top and bottom edge, and vertical lines on the sides representing the scroll's binding. The text is written in a cursive, handwritten style.

The Girton gates are
open night and day,
Smooth the descent, and
easy is the way,
But to return and view
the cheerful skies,
In this the task, and
mighty labor lies.

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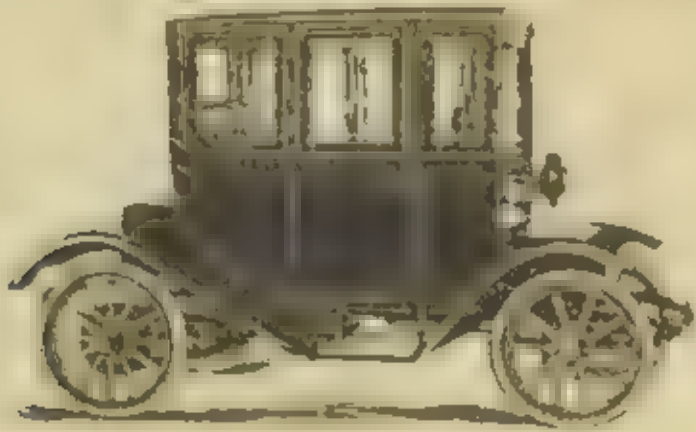
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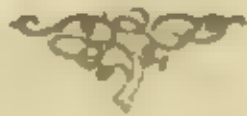


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